John Hamilton Reynolds to
John Keats 1819

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VIZ.

VENUS AND ADONIS.
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.
SONNETS.
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.
THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A GLOSSARY

TO THE WHOLE OF HIS WORKS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THOMAS WILSON, NO. 10, LONDON-HOUSE-YARD, ST. PAUL'S.

1806.

VENUS

AND

ADONIS.

Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.

Ovid.

VENUS

AND

ADONIS.

EVEN as the ſun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his laſt leave of the weeping morn,
Roſe-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chaſe;
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to ſcorn:
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-fac'd ſuitor 'gins to woo him.

Thrice fairer than myſelf (thus ſhe began),
The field's chief flower, ſweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roſes are;
Nature that made thee, with herſelf at ſtrife,
Saith, that the world hath ending with thy life.

Vouchſafe, thou wonder, to alight thy ſteed,
And rein his proud head to the ſaddle bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed,
A thouſand honey-ſecrets ſhalt thou know:
Here come and ſit, where ſerpent never hiſſes,
And being ſet, I'll ſmother thee with kiſſes.

And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd ſatiety,
But rather famiſh them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with freſh variety;
Ten kiſſes ſhort as one, one long as twenty:
A ſummer's day will ſeem an hour but ſhort,
Being waſted in ſuch time-beguiling ſport.

With this, ſhe ſeizeth on his ſweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And, trembling in her paſſion, calls it balm,
Earth's ſovereign ſalve to do a goddeſs good:
Being ſo enrag'd, deſire doth lend her force,
Couragiouſly to pluck him from his horſe.

Over one arm the luſty courſer's rein,
Under the other was the tender boy,
Who bluſh'd and pouted in a dull diſdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
She, red and hot, as coals of glowing fire,
He red for ſhame, but froſty in deſire.

The ſtudded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimbly ſhe faſtens (O how quick is love!)
The ſteed is ſtalled up, and even now
To tie the rider ſhe begins to prove:
Backward ſhe puſh'd him, as ſhe would be thruſt,
And govern'd him in ſtrength, though not in luſt.

So ſoon was ſhe along, as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:
Now doth ſhe ſtroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And 'gins to chide, but ſoon ſhe ſtops his lips;
And kiſſing ſpeaks, with luſtful language broken,
"If thou wilt chide, thy lips ſhall never open."

He burns with baſhful ſhame; ſhe with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;
Then with her windy ſighs, and golden hairs,
To fan and blow them dry again ſhe ſeeks:
He ſays, ſhe is immodeſt, blames her 'miſs;
What follows more, ſhe ſmothers with a kiſs.

Even as an empty eagle, ſharp by faſt,
Tires with her beak on feathers, fleſh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haſte,
Till either gorge be ſtuff'd, or prey be gone;
Even ſo ſhe kiſs'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where ſhe ends, ſhe doth anew begin.

Forc'd to content, but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breathing in her face;
She feedeth on the ſteam, as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moiſture, air of grace,
Wiſhing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with ſuch diſtilling ſhowers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So faſten'd in her arms Adonis lies;
Pure ſhame and aw'd reſiſtance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes:
Rain added to a river that is rank,
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still ſhe entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear ſhe tunes her tale;
Still is he ſullen, ſtill he low'rs and frets,
'Twixt crimſon ſhame and anger, aſhy-pale;
Being red, ſhe loves him beſt; and being white,
Her beſt is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, ſhe cannot chooſe but love;
And by her fair immortal hand ſhe ſwears
From his ſoft boſom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;
And one ſweet kiſs ſhall pay this countleſs debt.

Upon this promiſe did he raiſe his chin,
Like a di-dapper peering through a wave,
Who being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;
So offers he to give what ſhe did crave;
But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did paſſenger in ſummer's heat
More thirſt for drink, than ſhe for this good turn.
Her help ſhe ſees, but help ſhe cannot get;
She bathes in water, yet in fire muſt burn:
" Oh pity, 'gan ſhe cry, flint-hearted boy;
'Tis but a kiſs I beg; why art thou coy?

I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the ſtern and direful god of war,
Whoſe ſinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes, in every jar;
Yet hath he been my captive and my ſlave,
And begg'd for that which thou unaſk'd ſhalt have.

Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batter'd ſhield, his uncontrolled creſt,
And for my ſake hath learn'd to ſport and dance,
To coy, to wanton, dally, ſmile, and jeſt;
Scorning his churliſh drum, and enſign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

Thus him that over-rul'd, I overſway'd,
Leading him priſoner in a red-roſe chain:
Strong-temper'd ſteel his ſtronger ſtrength obey'd,
Yet was he ſervile to my coy diſdain.
O be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For maſt'ring her that foil'd the god of fight.

Touch but my lips with thoſe fair lips of thine
(Though mine be not ſo fair, yet are they red),
The kiſs ſhall be thine own as well as mine:—
What ſee'ſt thou in the ground? hold up thy head;
Look in mine eye-balls where thy beauty lies:
Then why not lips on lips, ſince eyes on eyes?

Art thou aſham'd to kiſs? then wink again,
And I will wink, ſo ſhall the day ſeem night;
Love keeps his revels where there be but twain,
Be bold to play, our ſport is not in ſight:
Theſe blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean,
Never can blab, nor know they what we mean.

The tender ſpring upon thy tempting lip
Shows thee unripe; yet may'ſt thou well be taſted;
Make uſe of time, let not advantage ſlip;
Beauty within itſelf ſhould not be waſted:
Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime,
Rot and conſume themſelves in little time.

Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
Ill-natur'd, crooked, churliſh, harſh in voice,
O'erworn, deſpiſed, rheumatick and cold,
Thick-ſighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
Then might'ſt thou pauſe, for then I were not for thee;
But having no defects, why doſt abhor me?

Thou canſt not ſee one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are grey, and bright, and quick in turning;
My beauty as the ſpring doth yearly grow,
My fleſh is ſoft and plump, my marrow burning;
My ſmooth moiſt hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm diſſolve, or ſeem to melt.

Bid me diſcourſe, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long diſhevell'd hair,
Dance on the ſands, and yet no footing ſeen:
Love is a ſpirit all compact of fire,
Not groſs to ſink, but light, and will aſpire.

Witneſs this primroſe bank whereon I lie;
Theſe forceleſs flowers like ſturdy trees ſupport me;
Two ſtrengthleſs doves will draw me through the ſky,
From morn till night, even where I liſt to ſport me;
Is love ſo light, ſweet boy, and may it be
That thou ſhouldſt think it heavy unto thee?

Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand ſeize love upon thy left?
Then woo thyſelf, be of thyſelf rejected,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain of theft.
Narciſſus ſo, himſelf himſelf forſook,
And dy'd to kiſs his ſhadow in the brook.

Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taſte, freſh beauty for the uſe,
Herbs for their ſmell, and ſappy plants to bear;
Things growing to themſelves are growth's abuſe:
Seeds ſpring from ſeeds, and beauty breedeth beauty,
Thou wert begot,—to get it is thy duty.

Upon the earth's increaſe why ſhould'ſt thou feed,
Unleſs the earth with thy increaſe be fed?
By law of Nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live, when thou thyſelf art dead;
And ſo in ſpite of death thou do'ſt ſurvive,
In that thy likeneſs ſtill is left alive."

By this, the love-ſick queen began to ſweat,
For, where they lay, the ſhadow had forſook them,
And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them;
Wiſhing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him, and by Venus' ſide.

And now Adonis, with a lazy ſpright,
And with a heavy, dark, diſliking eye,
His low'ring brows o'er-whelming his fair ſight,
Like miſty vapours, when they blot the ſky,
Souring his cheeks, cries, "Fie, no more of love;
The ſun doth burn my face; I muſt remove."

Ah me (quoth Venus) young, and ſo unkind!
What bare excuſes mak'ſt thou to be gone!
I'll ſigh celeſtial breath, whoſe gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this deſcending ſun;
I'll make a ſhadow for thee of my hairs;
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

The ſun that ſhines from heaven, ſhines but warm,
And lo, I lie between that ſun and thee;
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me:
And were I not immortal, life were done,
Between this heavenly and earthly ſun.

Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as ſteel,
Nay more than flint, for ſtone at rain relenteth?
Art thou a woman's ſon, and canſt not feel
What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?
O had thy mother borne ſo bad a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

What am I, that thou ſhould'ſt contemn me this?
Or what great danger dwells upon my ſuit?
What were thy lips the worſe for one poor kiſs?
Speak, fair; but ſpeak fair words, or elſe be mute:
Give me one kiſs, I'll give it thee again,
And one for intereſt, if thou wilt have twain.

Fie, lifeleſs picture, cold and ſenſeleſs ſtone,
Well-painted idol, image, dull and dead,
Statue, contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred;
Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
For men will kiſs even by their own direction."

This ſaid, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And ſwelling paſſion doth provoke a pauſe;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;
Being judge in love, ſhe cannot right her cauſe:
And now ſhe weeps, and now ſhe fain would ſpeak,
And now her ſobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes ſhe ſhakes her head, and then his hand,
Now gazeth ſhe on him, now on the ground;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band;
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;
And when from thence he ſtruggles to be gone,
She locks her lily fingers, one in one.

" Fondling, ſhe ſaith, ſince I have hemm'd thee here,
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I'll be the park, and thou ſhalt be my deer;
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:
Graze on my lips; and if thoſe hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleaſant fountains lie.

Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-graſs, and high delightful plain,
Round riſing hillocks, brakes obſcure and rough,
To ſhelter thee from tempeſt and from rain;
Then be my deer, ſince I am ſuch a park;
No dog ſhall rouze thee, though a thouſand bark."

At this Adonis ſmiles, as in diſdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:
Love made thoſe hollows, if himſelf were ſlain,
He might be buried in a tomb ſo ſimple;
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why there love liv'd, and there he could not die.

Theſe lovely caves, theſe round-enchanting pits,
Open'd their mouths to ſwallow Venus' liking:
Being mad before, how doth ſhe now for wits?
Struck dead at firſt, what needs a ſecond ſtriking?
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that ſmiles at thee in ſcorn!

Now which way ſhall ſhe turn? what ſhall ſhe ſay?
Her words are done, her woes the more increaſing,
The time is ſpent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releaſing:
" Pity—(ſhe cries) ſome favour—ſome remorſe—"
Away he ſprings, and haſteth to his horſe.

But lo, from forth a copſe that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, luſty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling courſer doth eſpy,
And forth ſhe ruſhes, ſnorts, and neighs aloud:
The ſtrong-neck'd ſteed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her ſtraight goes he.

Imperiouſly he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girts he breaks aſunder,
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whoſe hollow womb reſounds like heaven's thunder;
The iron bit he cruſhes 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up prick'd; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compaſs'd creſt now ſtands on end;
His noſtrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he ſend:
His eye, which ſcornfully gliſters like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high deſire.

Sometimes he trots as if he told the ſteps,
With gentle majeſty, and modeſt pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who would ſay, lo! thus my ſtrength is try'd;
And thus I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is ſtanding by.

What recketh he his rider's angry ſtir,
His flattering holla, or his *Stand, I ſay?*
What cares he now for curb, or pricking ſpur?
For rich capariſons, or trappings gay?
He ſees his love, and nothing elſe he ſees,
For nothing elſe with his proud ſight agrees.

Look, when a painter would ſurpaſs the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd ſteed,
His art with Nature's workmanſhip at ſtrife,
As if the dead the living ſhould exceed;
So did this horſe excel a common one,
In ſhape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, ſhort-jointed, fetlocks ſhag and long,
Broad breaſt, full eyes, ſmall head, and noſtril wide,
High creſt, ſhort ears, ſtraight legs, and paſſing ſtrong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look what a horſe ſhould have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on ſo proud a back.

Sometimes he ſcuds far off, and there he ſtares,
Anon he ſtarts at ſtirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a baſe he now prepares,
And whêr he run, or fly, they knew not whether;
For through his mane and tail the high wind ſings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her;
She anſwers him, as if ſhe knew his mind:
Being proud, as females are, to ſee him woo her,
She puts on outward ſtrangeneſs, ſeems unkind;
Spurns at his love, and ſcorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy male-content,
He vails his tail, that, like a falling plume,
Cool ſhadow to his melting buttocks lent;
He ſtamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume;
His love perceiving how he is enrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his fury was aſſuag'd.

His teſty maſter goeth about to take him;
When lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, ſwiftly doth forſake him,
With her the horſe, and left Adonis there:
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
Out-ſtripping crows that ſtrive to over-fly them.

All ſwoln with chaſing, down Adonis ſits,
Banning his boiſterous and unruly beaſt;
And now the happy ſeaſon once more fits,
That love-ſick Love by pleading may be bleſt;
For lovers ſay, the heart hath treble wrong,
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is ſtopp'd, or river ſtay'd,
Burneth more hotly, ſwelleth with more rage:
So of concealed ſorrow may be ſaid;
Free vent of words love's fire doth aſſuage;
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as deſperate in his ſuit.

He ſees her coming, and begins to glow,
(Even as a dying coal revives with wind),
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;
Looks on the dull earth with diſturbed mind;
Taking no notice that ſhe is ſo nigh,
For all aſkaunce he holds her in his eye.

O what a ſight it was, wiſtly to view
How ſhe came ſtealing to the wayward boy!
To note the fighting conflict of her hue!
How white and red each other did deſtroy!
But now, her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flaſh'd forth fire, as lightning from the ſky.

Now was ſhe juſt before him as he ſat,
And like a lowly lover down ſhe kneels;
With one fair hand ſhe heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheeks feels:
His tender cheeks receive her ſoft hands' print,
As apt as new fallen ſnow takes any dint.

O what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes ſuing;
His eyes ſaw her eyes as they had not ſeen them;
Her eyes woo'd ſtill, his eyes diſdain'd the wooing:
And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now ſhe takes him by the hand,
A lily priſon'd in a gaol of ſnow,
Or ivory in an alabaſter band;
So white a friend engirts ſo white a foe:
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Show'd like to ſilver doves that ſit a billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:
"O faireſt mover on this mortal round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;
For one ſweet look thy help I would aſſure thee,
Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee."

Give me my hand, ſaith he, why doſt thou feel it?
Give me my heart, ſaith ſhe, and thou ſhalt have it;
O give it me, leſt thy hard heart do ſteel it,
And being ſteel'd, ſoft ſighs can never grave it:
Then love's deep groans I never ſhall regard,
Becauſe Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.

For ſhame, he cries, let go, and let me go;
My day's delight is paſt, my horſe is gone,
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him ſo;
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone;
For all my mind, my thought, my buſy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.

Thus ſhe replies: "Thy palfrey, as he ſhould,
Welcomes the warm approach of ſweet deſire.
Affection is a coal that muſt be cool'd;
Elſe, ſuffer'd, it will ſet the heart on fire:
The ſea hath bounds, but deep deſire hath none,
Therefore no marvel though thy horſe be gone.

How like a jade he ſtood, tied to a tree,
Servilely maſter'd with a leathern rein!
But when he ſaw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held ſuch petty bondage in diſdain;
Throwing the baſe thong from his bending creſt,
Enfranchiſing his mouth, his back, his breaſt.

Who ſees his true love in her naked bed,
Teaching the ſheets a whiter hue than white,
But, when his glutton eye ſo full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight?
Who is ſo faint, that dare not be ſo bold,
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

Let me excuſe thy courſer, gentle boy;
And learn of him, I heartily beſeech thee,
To take advantage on preſented joy;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee.
O learn to love; the leſſon is but plain,
And, once made perfect, never loſt again.

I know not love (quoth he) nor will I know it,
Unleſs it be a boar, and then I chaſe it:
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
My love to love is love but to diſgrace it;
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

Who wears a garment ſhapeleſs and unfiniſh'd?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
If ſpringing things be any jot diminiſh'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:
The colt that's back'd and burthen'd being young,
Loſeth his pride, and never waxeth ſtrong.

You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootleſs chat:
Remove your ſiege from my unyielding heart;
To love's alarm it will not ope the gate.
Diſmiſs your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery;
For where a heart is hard, they make no battery.

What! canſt thou talk (quoth ſhe), haſt thou a tongue?
O would thou hadſt not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong;
I had my load before, now preſs'd with bearing:
Melodious diſcord, heavenly tune harſh-ſounding,
Earth's deep-ſweet muſic, and heart's deep-ſore wounding.

Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and inviſible;
Or, were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but ſenſible:
Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor ſee,
Yet ſhould I be in love, by touching thee.

Say, that the ſenſe of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not ſee, nor hear, nor touch,
And nothing but the very ſmell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be ſtill as much;
For from the ſtill'tory of thy face excelling
Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth love by ſmelling.

But O, what banquet wert thou to the taſte,
Being nurſe and feeder of the other four!
Would they not wiſh the feaſt ſhould ever laſt,
And bid ſuſpicion double-lock the door?
Leſt jealouſy, that four unwelcome gueſt,
Should, by his ſtealing in, diſturb the feaſt.

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his ſpeech did honey paſſage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the ſea-man, tempeſt to the field,
Sorrow to ſhepherds, woe unto the birds,
Guſt and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill preſage adviſedly ſhe marketh:
Even as the wind is huſh'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it ſtaineth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning ſtruck her ere his words begun.

And at his look ſhe flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth.
A ſmile recures the wounding of a frown,
But bleſſed bankrupt, that by love ſo thriveth!
The ſilly boy believing ſhe is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red;

And in amaze brake off his late intent,
For ſharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:
Fair fall the wit that can ſo well defend her!
For on the graſs ſhe lies as ſhe were ſlain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her noſe, he ſtrikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulſes hard;
He chafes her lips, a thouſand ways he ſeeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindneſs marr'd;
He kiſſes her; and ſhe, by her good will,
Will never riſe, ſo he will kiſs her ſtill.

The night of ſorrow now is turn'd to day:
Her two blue windows faintly ſhe up-heaveth,
Like the fair ſun, when in his freſh array
He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth:
And as the bright ſun glorifies the ſky,
So is her face illumin'd with her eye,

Whoſe beams upon his hairleſs face are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their ſhine.
Were never four ſuch lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brows' repine;
But hers, which through the cryſtal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon, in water ſeen by night.

O, where am I, quoth ſhe? in earth or heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?
Do I delight to die, or life deſire?
But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy;
But now I dy'd, and death was lively joy.

O thou didſt kill me;—kill me once again:
Thy eyes' ſhrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them ſcornful tricks, and ſuch diſdain,
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;
And theſe mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had ſeen.

Long may they kiſs each other, for this cure!
Oh never let their crimſon liveries wear!
And as they laſt, their verdure ſtill endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year!
That the ſtar-gazers, having writ on death,
May ſay, the plague is baniſh'd by thy breath.

Pure lips, ſweet ſeals in my ſoft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, ſtill to be ſealing?
To ſell myſelf I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and uſe good dealing;
Which purchaſe if thou make, for fear of ſlips,
Set thy ſeal-manual on my wax-red lips.

A thouſand kiſſes buys my heart from me;
And pay them at thy leiſure, one by one.
What is ten hundred kiſſes unto thee?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
Say, for non-payment that the debt ſhould double,
Is twenty hundred kiſſes ſuch a trouble?

Fair queen, quoth he, if any love you owe me,
Meaſure my ſtrangeneſs with my unripe years;
Before I know myſelf, ſeek not to know me;
No fiſher but the ungrown fry forbears:
The mellow plumb doth fall, the green ſticks faſt,
Or being early pluck'd, is ſour to taſte.

Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot taſk hath ended in the Weſt:
The owl, night's herald, ſhrieks, *'tis very late*;
The ſheep are gone to fold, birds to their neſt;
The coal-black clouds that ſhadow heaven's light,
Do ſummon us to part, and bid good night.

Now let me ſay *good night*, and ſo ſay you;—
If you will ſay ſo,—you ſhall have a kiſs.
Good night, quoth ſhe; and, ere he ſays *adieu*,
The honey fee of parting tender'd is:—
Her arms do lend his neck a ſweet embrace;
Incorporate then they ſeem; face grows to face.

Till, breathleſs, he disjoin'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moiſture, that ſweet coral mouth,
Whoſe precious taſte her thirſty lips well knew,
Whereon they ſurfeit, yet complain on drought:
He with her plenty preſs'd, ſhe faint with dearth,
(Their lips together glew'd) fall to the earth.

Now quick Deſire hath caught her yielding prey,
And glutton-like ſhe feeds, yet never filleth;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ranſom the inſulter willeth;
Whoſe vulture thought doth pitch the price ſo high,
That ſhe will draw his lips' rich treaſure dry.

And having felt the ſweetneſs of the ſpoil,
With blind-fold fury ſhe begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and ſmoke, her blood doth boil,
And careleſs luſt ſtirs up a deſperate courage;
Planting oblivion, beating reaſon back,
Forgetting ſhame's pure bluſh, and honour's wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe, that's tir'd with chaſing,
Or like the froward infant, ſtill'd with dandling,
He now obeys, and now no more reſiſteth,
While ſhe takes all ſhe can, not all ſhe liſteth.

What wax ſo frozen but diſſolves with temp'ring,
And yields at laſt to every light impreſſion?
Things out of hope are compaſs'd oft with vent'ring,
Chiefly in love, whoſe leave exceeds commiſſion:
Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
But then woos beſt, when moſt his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O had ſhe then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips ſhe had not ſuck'd.
Foul words and frowns muſt not repel a lover;
What though the roſe have pricks? yet is it pluck'd:
Were beauty under twenty locks kept faſt,
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at laſt.

For pity now ſhe can no more detain him;
The poor fool prays her that he may depart:
She is reſolv'd no longer to reſtrain him;
Bids him farewel, and look well to her heart,
The which, by Cupid's bow ſhe doth proteſt,
He carries thence incaged in his breaſt.

Sweet boy, ſhe ſays, this night I'll waſte in ſorrow,
For my ſick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, love's maſter, ſhall we meet to-morrow?
Say, ſhall we? ſhall we? wilt thou make the match?
He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

The boar! (quoth ſhe) whereat a ſudden pale,
Like lawn being ſpread upon the bluſhing roſe,
Uſurps her cheeks; ſhe trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms ſhe throws:
She ſinketh down, ſtill hanging on his neck,
He on her belly falls, ſhe on her back.

Now is ſhe in the very liſts of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary ſhe doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount her;
That worſe than Tantalus' is her annoy,
To clip Elyſium, and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,
Do ſurfeit by the eye, and pine the maw,
Even ſo ſhe languiſheth in her miſhaps,
As thoſe poor birds that helpleſs berries ſaw:
The warm effects which ſhe in him finds miſſing,
She ſeeks to kindle with continual kiſſing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:
She hath aſſay'd as much as may be prov'd;
Her pleading hath deſerv'd a greater fee;
She's Love, ſhe loves, and yet ſhe is not lov'd.
Fie, fie, he ſays, you cruſh me; let me go;
You have no reaſon to withhold me ſo.

Thou hadſt been gone, quoth ſhe, ſweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told'ſt me, thou would'ſt hunt the boar.
O be advis'd; thou know'ſt not what it is
With javelin's point a churliſh ſwine to gore,
Whoſe tuſhes never-ſheath'd he whetteth ſtill,
Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

On his bow-back he hath a battle ſet
Of briſtly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes, like glow-worms ſhine when he doth fret;
His ſnout digs ſepulchres where'er he goes;
Being mov'd, he ſtrikes what e'er is in his way,
And whom he ſtrikes, his crooked tuſhes ſlay.

His brawny ſides, with hairy briſtles armed,
Are better proof than thy ſpear's point can enter;
His ſhort thick neck cannot be eaſily harmed;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture:
The thorny brambles and embracing buſhes,
As fearful of him, part; through whom he ruſhes.

Alas! he nought eſteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eye pays tributary gazes;
Nor thy ſoft hands, ſweet lips, and cryſtal eyne,
Whoſe full perfection all the world amazes;
But having thee at vantage (wond'rous dread!)
Would root theſe beauties as he roots the mead.

O! let him keep his loathſome cabin ſtill;
Beauty hath nought to do with ſuch foul fiends.
Come not within his danger by thy will;
They that thrive well, take counſel of their friends.
When thou didſt name the boar, not to diſſemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

Didſt thou not mark my face? Was it not white?
Saw'ſt thou not ſigns of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? And fell I not downright?
Within my boſom, whereon thou doſt lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no reſt,
But, like an earthquake, ſhakes thee on my breaſt.

For where love reigns, diſturbing jealouſy
Doth call himſelf affection's centinel;
Gives falſe alarms, ſuggeſteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, *kill, kill*;
Diſtemp'ring gentle love with his deſire,
As air and water doth abate the fire.

This ſour informer, this bate-breeding ſpy,
This canker that eats up love's tender ſpring,
This carry-tale, diſſenſious jealouſy,
That ſometimes true news, ſometimes falſe doth bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whiſpers in mine ear,
That if I love thee, I thy death ſhould fear:

And more than ſo, preſenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
Under whoſe ſharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyſelf, all ſtain'd with gore;
Whoſe blood upon the freſh flowers being ſhed,
Doth make them droop with grief, and hang the head.

What ſhould I do, ſeeing thee ſo indeed,
That trembling at the imagination,
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed?
And fear doth teach it divination:
I propheſy thy death, my living ſorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox, which lives by ſubtilty,
Or at the roe, which no encounter dare:
Purſue theſe fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horſe keep with thy hounds.

And when thou haſt on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch to overſhut his troubles,
How he out-runs the wind, and with what care
He cranks and croſſes, with a thouſand doubles:
The many muſits through the which he goes,
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

Sometime he runs among the flock of ſheep,
To make the cunning hounds miſtake their ſmell,
And ſometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To ſtop the loud purſuers in their yell;
And ſometime ſorteth with a herd of deer;
Danger deviſeth ſhifts; wit waits on fear:

For there his ſmell with others being mingled,
The hot ſcent-ſnuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceaſing their clamorous cry till they have ſingled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they ſpend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chaſe were in the ſkies.

By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with liſtening ear,
To hearken if his foes purſue him ſtill;
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one ſore-ſick, that hears the paſſing bell.

Then ſhalt thou ſee the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious briar his weary legs doth ſcratch,
Each ſhadow makes him ſtop, each murmur ſtay:
For miſery is trodden on by many,
And being low, never reliev'd by any.

Lie quietly, and hear a little more;
Nay, do not ſtruggle, for thou ſhalt not riſe:
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike thyſelf, thou hear'ſt me moralize,
Applying this to that, and ſo to ſo;
For love can comment upon every woe.

Where did I leave?—No matter where, quoth he;
Leave me, and then the ſtory aptly ends:
The night is ſpent. Why, what of that, quoth ſhe,
I am, quoth he, expected of my friends;
And now 'tis dark, and going I ſhall fall.—
In night, quoth ſhe, deſire ſees beſt of all.

But if thou fall, O then imagine this,
The earth in love with thee thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiſs.
Rich preys make rich men thieves; ſo do thy lips
Make modeſt Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Leſt ſhe ſhould ſteal a kiſs, and die forſworn.

Now, of this dark night I perceive the reaſon:
Cynthia for ſhame obſcures her ſilver ſhine,
Till forging nature be condemn'd of treaſon,
For ſtealing moulds from heaven that were divine,
Wherein ſhe fram'd thee in high heaven's deſpite,
To ſhame the ſun by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath ſhe brib'd the Deſtinies,
To croſs the curious workmanſhip of nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature;
Making it ſubject to the tyranny
Of ſad miſchances and much miſery;

As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poiſoning peſtilence, and frenzies wood,
The marrow-eating ſickneſs, whoſe attaint
Diſorder breeds by heating of the blood:
Surfeits, impoſtumes, grief, and damn'd deſpair,
Swear nature's death for framing thee ſo fair.

And not the leaſt of all theſe maladies,
But in one minute's ſight brings beauty under:
Both favour, ſavour, hue, and qualities,
Whereat th' imperial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the ſudden waſted, thaw'd and done,
As mountain-ſnow melts with the mid-day ſun.

Therefore, deſpite of fruitleſs chaſtity,
Love-lacking veſtals, and ſelf-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a ſcarcity,
And barren dearth of daughters and of ſons,
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night,
Dries up his oil, to lend the world his light.

What is thy body but a ſwallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that poſterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs muſt have,
If thou deſtroy them not in their obſcurity?
If ſo, the world will hold thee in diſdain,
Sith in thy pride ſo fair a hope is ſlain.

So in thyſelf thyſelf art made away;
A miſchief worſe than civil home-bred ſtrife,
Or their's, whoſe deſperate hands themſelves do ſlay,
Or butcher-ſire, that reaves his ſon of life.
Foul cankering ruſt the hidden treaſure frets,
But gold that's put to uſe, more gold begets.

Nay then, quoth Adon, you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme;
The kiſs I gave you is beſtow'd in vain,
And all in vain you ſtrive againſt the ſtream;
For by this black-fac'd night, deſire's foul nurſe,
Your treatiſe makes me like you worſe and worſe.

If love have lent you twenty thouſand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's ſongs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
For know, my heart ſtands armed in my ear,
And will not let a falſe ſound enter there;

Leſt the deceiving harmony ſhould run
Into the quiet cloſure of my breaſt;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of reſt.
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
But ſoundly ſleeps, while now it ſleeps alone.

What have you urg'd that I cannot reprove?
The path is ſmooth that leadeth unto danger;
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embracements unto every ſtranger.
You do it for increaſe: O ſtrange excuſe!
When reaſon is the bawd to luſt's abuſe.

Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,
Since ſweating luſt on earth uſurps his name;
Under whoſe ſimple ſemblance he hath fed
Upon freſh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant ſtains, and ſoon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

Love comforteth, like ſun-ſhine after rain,
But luſt's effect is tempeſt after ſun,
Love's gentle ſpring doth always freſh remain,
Luſt's winter comes ere ſummer half be done.
Love ſurfeits not; luſt like a glutton dies:
Love is all truth; luſt full of forged lies.

More I could tell, but more I dare not ſay;
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in ſadneſs, now I will away;
My face is full of ſhame, my heart of teen;
Mine ears that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themſelves for having ſo offended.

With this, he breaketh from the ſweet embrace
Of thoſe fair arms which bound him to her breaſt,
And homeward through the dark lawns runs apace;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply diſtreſs'd.
Look how a bright ſtar ſhooteth from the ſky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him ſhe darts, as one on ſhore
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him ſeen no more,
Whoſe ridges with the meeting clouds contend;
So did the mercileſs and pitchy night
Fold in the object that did feed her ſight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or 'ſtoniſh'd as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in ſome miſtruſtful wood;
Even ſo confounded in the dark ſhe lay,
Having loſt the fair diſcovery of her way.

And now ſhe beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour-caves, as ſeeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans;
Paſſion on paſſion deeply is redoubled:
Ah me! ſhe cries, and twenty times, *woe, woe!*
And twenty echoes twenty times cry ſo.

She marking them, begins a wailing note,
And ſings extemp'rally a woeful ditty;
How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote;
How love is wiſe in folly, fooliſh-witty:
Her heavy anthem ſtill concludes in woe,
And ſtill the choir of echoes anſwers ſo.

Her ſong was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though ſeeming ſhort:
If pleas'd themſelves, others, they think, delight
In ſuch like circumſtance, with ſuch like ſport:
Their copious ſtories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath ſhe to ſpend the night withal,
But idle ſounds, reſembling paraſites,
Like ſhrill-tongu'd tapſters anſwering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantaſtic wits?
She ſaid, 'tis ſo: they anſwer all, 'tis ſo;
And would ſay after her, if ſhe ſaid no.

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of reſt,
From his moiſt cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whoſe ſilver breaſt
The ſun ariſeth in his majeſty;
Who doth the world ſo gloriouſly behold,
That cedar-tops and hills ſeem burniſh'd gold.

Venus ſalutes him with this fair good morrow:
O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and ſhining ſtar doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a ſon, that ſuck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou doſt lend to other.

This ſaid, ſhe haſteth to a myrtle grove,
Muſing the morning is ſo much o'erworn,
And yet ſhe hears no tidings of her love:
She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horn:
Anon ſhe hears them chaunt it luſtily,
And all in haſte ſhe coaſteth to the cry.

And as ſhe runs, the buſhes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, ſome kiſs her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her ſtay;
She wildly breaketh from their ſtrict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whoſe ſwelling dugs do ake,
Haſting to feed her fawn hid in ſome brake.

By this, ſhe hears the hounds are at a bay,
Whereat ſhe ſtarts, like one that ſpies an adder
Wreath'd up in fatal folds, juſt in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him ſhake and ſhudder:
Even ſo the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her ſenſes, and her ſpright confounds.

For now ſhe knows it is no gentle chaſe,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Becauſe the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:
Finding their enemy to be ſo curſt,
They all ſtrain court'ſy who ſhall cope him firſt.

This diſmal cry rings ſadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to ſurpriſe her heart,
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodleſs fear,
With cold pale weakneſs numbs each feeling part:
Like ſoldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They baſely fly, and dare not ſtay the field.

Thus ſtands ſhe in a trembling ecſtacy;
Till, chearing up her ſenſes ſore-diſmay'd,
She tells them, 'tis a cauſeleſs fantaſy,
And childiſh error that they are afraid;
Bids them leave quaking, wills them fear no more;—
And with that word ſhe ſpy'd the hunted boar;

Whoſe frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A ſecond fear through all her ſinews ſpread,
Which madly hurries her ſhe knows not whither;
This way ſhe runs, and now ſhe will no further,
But back retires, to rate the boar for murder.

A thouſand ſpleens bear her a thouſand ways;
She treads the paths that ſhe untreads again;
Her more than haſte is mated with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain;
Full of reſpect, yet nought at all reſpecting,
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennel'd in a brake ſhe finds a hound,
And aſks the weary caitiff for his maſter;
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainſt venom'd ſores the only ſovereign plaſter;
And here ſhe meets another ſadly ſcowling,
To whom ſhe ſpeaks; and he replies with howling.

When he had ceas'd his ill-reſounding noiſe,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Againſt the welkin vollies out his voice;
Another and another anſwer him,
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their ſcratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed
At apparitions, ſigns, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,
Infuſing them with dreadful prophecies;
So ſhe at theſe ſad ſigns draws up her breath,
And, ſighing it again, exclaims on death.

Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love (thus chides ſhe death)
Grim-grinning ghoſt, earth's worm, what doſt thou mean
To ſtifle beauty, and to ſteal his breath,
Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty ſet
Gloſs on the roſe, ſmell to the violet?

If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou ſhould'ſt ſtrike at it—
O yes, it may; thou haſt no eyes to ſee,
But hatefully at random doſt thou hit.
Thy mark is feeble age; but thy falſe dart
Miſtakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

Hadſt thou but bid beware, then he had ſpoke,
And hearing him, thy power had loſt his power.
The deſtinies will curſe thee for this ſtroke;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'ſt a flower:
Love's golden arrow at him ſhould have fled,
And not death's ebon dart, to ſtrike him dead.

Doſt thou drink tears, that thou provok'ſt ſuch weeping?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee?
Why haſt thou caſt into eternal ſleeping
Thoſe eyes that taught all other eyes to ſee?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her beſt work is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here overcome, as one full of deſpair,
She vail'd her eye-lids, who, like ſluices, ſtopp'd
The cryſtal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the ſweet channel of her boſom dropp'd;
But through the flood-gates breaks the ſilver rain,
And with his ſtrong courſe opens them again.

O how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eyes ſeen in her tears, tears in her eye;
Both cryſtals, where they view'd each other's ſorrow,
Sorrow, that friendly ſighs ſought ſtill to dry;
But like a ſtormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable paſſions throng her conſtant woe,
As ſtriving which ſhould beſt become her grief;
All entertain'd, each paſſion labours ſo,
That every preſent ſorrow ſeemeth chief,
But none is beſt; then join they all together,
Like many clouds conſulting for foul weather.

By this, far off ſhe hears ſome huntſman holla;
A nurſe's ſong ne'er pleas'd her babe ſo well:
The dire imagination ſhe did follow
This ſound of hope doth labour to expell;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her, it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being priſon'd in her eye, like pearls in glaſs;
Yet ſometimes falls an orient drop beſide,
Which her cheek melts, as ſcorning it ſhould paſs,
To waſh the foul face of the ſluttiſh ground,
Who is but drunken when ſhe ſeemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how ſtrange it ſeems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes,
Deſpair and hope make thee ridiculous:
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
With likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now ſhe unweaves the web that ſhe had wrought;
Adonis lives, and death is not to blame;
It was not ſhe that call'd him all to naught;
Now ſhe adds honour to his hateful name;
She clepes him king of graves, and grave for kings,
Imperial ſupreme of all mortal things.

No, no (quoth ſhe) ſweet Death, I did but jeſt;
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,
When as I met the boar, that bloody beaſt,
Which knows no pity, but is ſtill ſevere;
Then, gentle ſhadow (truth I muſt confeſs)
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's deceaſe.

'Tis not my fault: the boar provok'd my tongue;
Be wreak'd on him, inviſible commander;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
I did but act, he's author of thy ſlander:
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
Could rule them both, without ten women's wit.

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her raſh ſuſpect ſhe doth extenuate;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With death ſhe humbly doth inſinuate;
Tells him of trophies, ſtatues, tombs; and ſtories
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

O Jove, quoth ſhe, how much a fool was I,
To be of ſuch a weak and ſilly mind,
To wail his death, who lives, and muſt not die,
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
For he being dead, with him is beauty ſlain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

Fie, fie, fond love, thou art ſo full of fear,
As one with treaſure laden, hemm'd with thieves;
Trifles, unwitneſſed with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with falſe bethinking grieves.
Even at this word ſhe hears a merry horn,
Whereat ſhe leaps, that was but late forlorn.

As faulcon to the lure, away ſhe flies;
The graſs ſtoops not, ſhe treads on it ſo light;
And in her haſte unfortunately ſpies
The foul boar's conqueſt on her fair delight;
Which ſeen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like ſtars aſham'd of day, themſelves withdrew.

Or, as the ſnail, whoſe tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his ſhelly cave with pain,
And there, all ſmother'd up, in ſhade doth ſit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep dark cabins of her head,

Where they reſign'd their office and their light
To the diſpoſing of her troubled brain;
Who bids them ſtill conſort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their ſuggeſtion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary ſubject quakes;
As when the wind, impriſon'd in the ground,
Struggling for paſſage, earth's foundation ſhakes,
Which with cold terrors doth men's mind confound:
This mutiny each part doth ſo ſurpriſe,
That from their dark beds, once more, leap her eyes;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling ſight
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his ſoft flank; whoſe wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd:
No flower was nigh, no graſs, herb, leaf, or weed,
But ſtole his blood, and ſeem'd with him to bleed.

This ſolemn ſympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one ſhoulder doth ſhe hang her head;
Dumbly ſhe paſſions, franticly ſhe doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead.
Her voice is ſtopp'd, her joints forget to bow;
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt ſhe looks ſo ſtedfaſtly,
That her ſight dazzling makes the wound ſeem three;
And then ſhe reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gaſhes where no breach ſhould be:
His face ſeems twain, each ſeveral limb is doubled;
For oft the eye miſtakes, the brain being troubled.

My tongue cannot expreſs my grief for one,
And yet, quoth ſhe, behold two Adons dead!
My ſighs are blown away, my ſalt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:
Heavy heart's lead melt at mine eyes, as fire!
So ſhall I die by drops of hot deſire.

Alas, poor world, what treaſure haſt thou loſt!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whoſe tongue is muſick now? what canſt thou boaſt
Of things long ſince, or any thing enſuing?
The flowers are ſweet, their colours freſh and trim;
But true-ſweet beauty liv'd and dy'd in him.

Bonnet or veil henceforth no creature wear!
Nor ſun nor wind will ever ſtrive to kiſs you:
Having no fair to loſe, you need not fear;
The ſun doth ſcorn you, and the wind doth hiſs you:
But when Adonis liv'd, ſun and ſharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair;

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whoſe brim the gawdy ſun would peep;
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
Play with his locks; then would Adonis weep:
And ſtraight, in pity of his tender years,
They both would ſtrive who firſt ſhould dry his tears.

To ſee his face, the lion walk'd along
Behind ſome hedge, becauſe he would not fear him;
To recreate himſelf, when he hath ſung,
The tyger would be tame, and gently hear him:
If he had ſpoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the ſilly lamb that day.

When he beheld his ſhadow in the brook,
The fiſhes ſpread on it their golden gills;
When he was by, the birds ſuch pleaſure took,
That ſome would ſing, ſome other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries, and ripe red cherries;
He fed them with his ſight, they him with berries.

But this foul, grim, and urchin-ſnouted boar,
Whoſe downward eye ſtill looketh for a grave,
Ne'er ſaw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witneſs the entertainment that he gave;
If he did ſee his face, why then I know,
He thought to kiſs him, and hath kill'd him ſo.

'Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis ſlain;
He ran upon the boar with his ſharp ſpear,
Who would not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiſs thought to perſwade him there;
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving ſwine
Sheath'd, unaware, his tuſk in his ſoft groin.

Had I been tooth'd like him, I muſt confeſs
With kiſſing him I ſhould have kill'd him firſt;
But he is dead, and never did he bleſs
My youth with his; the more I am accurſt.
With this ſhe falleth in the place ſhe ſtood,
And ſtains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whiſpers in his ear a heavy tale,
As if he heard the woeful words ſhe told:
She lifts the coffer-lids that cloſe his eyes,
Where lo! two lamps, burnt out, in darkneſs lies:

Two glaſſes, where herſelf herſelf beheld
A thouſand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue loſt, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect:
Wonder of time, quoth ſhe, this is my ſpite,
That, you being dead, the day ſhould yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo! here I propheſy,
Sorrow on love hereafter ſhall attend;
It ſhall be waited on with jealouſy,
Find ſweet beginning, but unſavoury end;
Ne'er ſettled equally, too high or low;
That all love's pleaſure ſhall not match his woe.

It ſhall be fickle, falſe, and full of fraud,
And ſhall be blaſted in a breathing-while;
The bottom poiſon, and the top o'erſtraw'd
With ſweets, that ſhall the ſharpeſt ſight beguile:
The ſtrongeſt body ſhall it make moſt weak,
Strike the wiſe dumb, and teach the fool to ſpeak.

It ſhall be ſparing, and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the meaſures;
The ſtaring ruffian ſhall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treaſures.
It ſhall be raging-mad, and ſilly-mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

It ſhall ſuſpect, where is no cauſe of fear;
It ſhall not fear, where it ſhould moſt miſtruſt;
It ſhall be merciful, and too ſevere,
And moſt deceiving, when it ſeems moſt juſt;
Perverſe it ſhall be, when it ſeems moſt toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

Now thinks he that her huſband's ſhallow tongue
(The niggard prodigal that prais'd her ſo)
In that high taſk hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren ſkill to ſhow:
Therefore that praiſe which Collatine doth owe,
Enchanted Tarquin anſwers with ſurmiſe,
In ſilent wonder of ſtill-gazing eyes.

This earthly ſaint, adored by this devil,
Little ſuſpecteth the falſe worſhipper;
For thoughts unſtain'd do ſeldom dream on evil;
Birds never lim'd no ſecret buſhes fear:
So guiltleſs ſhe ſecurely gives good cheer
And reverend welcome to her princely gueſt,
Whoſe inward ill no outward harm expreſs'd:

For that he colour'd with his high eſtate,
Hiding baſe ſin in plaits of majeſty;
That nothing in him ſeem'd inordinate,
Save ſometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not ſatisfy;
But, poorly rich, ſo wanteth in his ſtore,
That cloy'd with much, he pineth ſtill for more.

But ſhe that never cop'd with ſtranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
Nor read the ſubtle-ſhining ſecrecies
Writ in the glaſſy margents of ſuch books;
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks;
Nor could ſhe moralize his wanton ſight,
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He ſtories to her ears her huſband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;
And decks with praiſes Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
With bruiſed arms and wreaths of victory:
Her joy with heav'd-up hand ſhe doth expreſs,
And, wordleſs, ſo greets heaven for his ſucceſs.

Far from the purpoſe of his coming thither,
He makes excuſes for his being there.
No cloudy ſhow of ſtormy bluſtering weather
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear;
Till ſable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
Upon the world dim darkneſs doth diſplay,
And in her vaulty priſon ſtows the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending wearineſs with heavy ſpright;
For, after ſupper, long he queſtioned
With modeſt Lucrece, and wore out the night:
Now leaden ſlumber with life's ſtrength doth fight;
And every one to reſt himſelf betakes,
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds that wakes.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The ſundry dangers of his will's obtaining;
Yet ever to obtain his will reſolving,
Though weak-built hopes perſuade him to abſtaining:
Deſpair to gain, doth traffic oft for gaining;
And when great treaſure is the meed propoſed,
Though death be adjunct, there's no death ſuppoſed.

Thoſe that much covet, are with gain ſo fond,
That what they have not (that which they poſſeſs)
They ſcatter and unlooſe it from their bond,
And ſo, by hoping more, they have but leſs;
Or, gaining more, the profit of exceſs
Is but to ſurfeit, and ſuch griefs ſuſtain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurſe the life
With honour, wealth, and eaſe, in waining age;
And in this aim there is ſuch thwarting ſtrife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage;
As life for honour, in fell battles' rage;
Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth coſt
The death of all, and all together loſt.

So that in vent'ring ill, we leave to be
The things we are, for that which we expect;
And this ambitious foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have: ſo then we do neglect
The thing we have, and, all for want of wit,
Make ſomething nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now muſt doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his luſt;
And for himſelf, himſelf he muſt forſake:
Then where is truth, if there be no ſelf-truſt?
When ſhall he think to find a ſtranger juſt,
When he himſelf himſelf confounds, betrays
To ſlanderous tongues, and wretched hateful days?

Now ſtole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy ſleep had clos'd up mortal eyes;
No comfortable ſtar did lend his light,
No noiſe but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries:
Now ſerves the ſeaſon that they may ſurpriſe
The ſilly lambs; pure thoughts are dead and ſtill,
While luſt and murder wake to ſtain and kill.

And now this luſtful lord leap'd from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;
Is madly toſs'd between deſire and dread;
The one ſweetly flatters, the other feareth harm;
But honeſt Fear, bewitch'd with luſt's foul charm,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-ſick rude Deſire.

His falchion on a flint he ſoftly ſmiteth,
That from the cold ſtone ſparks of fire do fly,
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which muſt be lode-ſtar to his luſtful eye;
And to the flame thus ſpeaks adviſedly:
As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
So Lucrece muſt I force to my deſire.

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathſome enterpriſe,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following ſorrow may on this ariſe:
Then looking ſcornfully, he doth deſpiſe
His naked armour of ſtill-ſlaughter'd luſt,
And juſtly thus controls his thoughts unjuſt.

Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whoſe light excelleth thine!
And die unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanneſs that which is divine!
Offer pure incenſe to ſo pure a ſhrine:
Let fair humanity abhor the deed
That ſpots and ſtains love's modeſt ſnow-white weed.

O ſhame to knighthood and to ſhining arms!
O foul diſhonour to my houſhold's grave!
O impious act, including all foul harms!
A martial man to be ſoft fancy's ſlave!
True valour ſtill a true reſpect ſhould have;
Then my digreſſion is ſo vile, ſo baſe,
That it will live engraven in my face.

Yea, though I die, the ſcandal will ſurvive,
And be an eye-ſore in my golden coat;
Some loathſome daſh the herald will contrive,
To cipher me, how fondly I did dote;
That my poſterity, ſham'd with the note,
Shall curſe my bones, and hold it for no ſin
To wiſh that I their father had not been.

What win I, if I gain the thing I ſeek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy:
Who buys a minute's mirth, to wail a week?
Or ſells eternity, to get a toy?
For one ſweet grape who will the vine deſtroy?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the ſcepter ſtraight be ſtrucken down?

If Collatinus dream of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a deſperate rage
Poſt hither, this vile purpoſe to prevent?
This ſiege that hath engirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this ſorrow to the ſage,
This dying virtue, this ſurviving ſhame
Whoſe crime will bear an ever-during blame?

O what excuſe can my invention make,
When thou ſhalt charge me with ſo black a deed?
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints ſhake?
Mine eyes forego their light, my falſe heart bleed?
The guilt being great, the fear doth ſtill exceed;
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

Had Collatinus kill'd my ſon or ſire,
Or lain in ambuſh to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this deſire
Might have excuſe to work upon his wife;
As in revenge or quittal of ſuch ſtrife:
But as he is my kinſman, my dear friend,
The ſhame and fault finds no excuſe nor end.

Shameful it is;—ay, if the fact be known:
Hateful it is;—there is no hate in loving:
I'll beg her love;—*but ſhe is not her own:*
The worſt is but denial, and reproving:
My will is ſtrong, paſt reaſon's weak removing.
Who fears a ſentence or an old man's ſaw,
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

But if thou yield, I reſt thy ſecret friend:
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;
A little harm, done to a great good end,
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poiſonous ſimple ſometimes is compacted
In a pure compound; being ſo applied,
His venom in effect is purified.

Then for thy huſband's and thy children's ſake,
Tender my ſuit: bequeath not to their lot
The ſhame that from them no device can take,
The blemiſh that will never be forgot;
Worſe than a ſlaviſh wipe, or birth-hour's blot:
For marks deſcried in men's nativity
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye,
He rouſeth up himſelf, and makes a pauſe,
While ſhe, the picture of pure piety,
Like a white hind under the grype's ſharp claws,
Pleads in a wilderneſs, where are no laws,
To the rough beaſt that knows no gentle right,
Nor ought obeys but his foul appetite.

Look, when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat,
In his dim miſt the aſpiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark womb ſome gentle guſt doth get,
Which blows theſe pitchy vapours from their biding,
Hindering their preſent fall by this dividing;
So his unhallow'd haſte her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
While in his hold-faſt foot the weak mouſe panteth:
Her ſad behaviour feeds his vultur folly,
A ſwallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth:
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining:
Tears harden luſt, though marble wear with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are ſadly fixed
In the remorſeleſs wrinkles of his face;
Her modeſt eloquence with ſighs is mixed,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place,
And 'midſt the ſentence ſo her accent breaks,
That twice ſhe doth begin ere once ſhe ſpeaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and ſweet friendſhip's oath,
By her untimely tears, her huſband's love,
By holy human law, and common troth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And ſtoop to honour, not to foul deſire.

Quoth ſhe, reward not hoſpitality
With ſuch black payment as thou haſt pretended;
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;
End thy ill aim, before thy ſhoot be ended:
He is no wood-man that doth bend his bow
To ſtrike a poor unſeaſonable doe.

Look as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender ſmell or ſpeedy flight,
Make ſlow purſuit, or altogether balk
The prey wherein by nature they delight;
So ſurfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:
His taſte delicious, in digeſtion ſouring,
Devours his will that liv'd by foul devouring.

O deeper ſin than bottomleſs conceit
Can comprehend in ſtill imagination!
Drunken deſire muſt vomit his receipt,
Ere he can ſee his own abomination.
While luſt is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curb his heat, or rein his raſh deſire,
Till, like a jade, ſelf-will himſelf doth tire.

And then with lank and lean diſcolour'd cheek,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and ſtrengthleſs pace,
Feeble deſire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his caſe:
The fleſh being proud, deſire doth fight with grace,
For there it revels; and when that decays,
The guilty rebel for remiſſion prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
Who this accompliſhment ſo hotly chaſed;
For now againſt himſelf he ſounds this doom,
That through the length of times he ſtands diſgraced:
Beſides, his ſoul's fair temple is defaced;
To whoſe weak ruins muſter troops of cares,
To aſk the ſpotted princeſs how ſhe fares.

She ſays, her ſubjects with foul inſurrection
Have batter'd down her conſecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in ſubjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death, and pain perpetual:
Which in her preſcience ſhe controlled ſtill,
But her fore-ſight could not fore-ſtall their will.

Even in his thought, through the dark night he ſtealeth,
A captive victor, that hath loſt in gain;
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The ſcar that will, deſpite of cure, remain,
Leaving his ſpoil perplex'd in greater pain.
She bears the load of luſt he left behind,
And he the burthen of a guilty mind.

He, like a theeviſh dog, creeps ſadly thence,
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there;
He ſcouls, and hates himſelf for his offence,
She deſperate, with her nails her fleſh doth tear;
He faintly flies, ſweating with guilty fear;
She ſtays exclaiming on the direful night,
He runs, and chides his vaniſh'd, loath'd, delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite,
She there remains a hopeleſs caſt-away:
He in his ſpeed looks for the morning light,
She prays ſhe never may behold the day:
For day, quoth ſhe, night-ſcapes doth open lay;
And my true eyes have never practis'd how
To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

Guilty thou art of murder and of theft;
Guilty of perjury and ſubornation;
Guilty of treaſon, forgery, and ſhift;
Guilty of inceſt, that abomination:
An acceſſary by thine inclination
To all ſins paſt, and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.

Miſhapen Time, copeſmate of ugly night,
Swift ſubtle poſt, carrier of griſly care;
Eater of youth, falſe ſlave to falſe delight,
Baſe watch of woes, ſin's pack-horſe, virtue's ſnare;
Thou nurſeſt all, and murdereſt all that are.
O hear me then, injurious, ſhifting time!
Be guilty of my death, ſince of my crime.

Why hath thy ſervant, Opportunity,
Betray'd the hours thou gav'ſt me to repoſe?
Cancel'd my fortunes, and enchained me
To endleſs date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is to fine the hate of foes;
To eat up error by opinion bred,
Not ſpend the dowry of a lawful bed.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmaſk falſhood, and bring truth to light,
To ſtamp the ſeal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn, and ſentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right;
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And ſmear with duſt their glittering golden towers:

To fill with worm-holes ſtately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books, and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
To dry the old oak's ſap, and cheriſh ſprings;
To ſpoil antiquities of hammer'd ſteel,
And turn the giddy round of fortune's wheel:

To ſhew the beldame daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To ſlay the tyger that doth live by ſlaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild;
To mock the ſubtle, in themſelves beguil'd;
To cheer the ploughman with increaſeful crops,
And waſte huge ſtones with little water-drops.

Why work'ſt thou miſchief in thy pilgrimage,
Unleſs thou could'ſt return to make amends?
One poor retiring minute in an age
Would purchaſe thee a thouſand thouſand friends,
Lending him wit, that to bad debtors lends:
O, this dread night, would'ſt thou one hour come back,
I could prevent this ſtorm, and ſhun this wrack!

Thou ceaſeleſs lackey to eternity,
With ſome miſchance croſs Tarquin in his flight:
Deviſe extremes beyond extremity,
To make him curſe this curſed crimeful night:
Let ghaſtly ſhadows his lewd eyes affright;
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every buſh a hideous ſhapeleſs devil.

Diſturb his hours of reſt with reſtleſs trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;
Let there bechance him pitiful miſchances,
To make him moan, but pity not his moans:
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than ſtones;
And let mild women to him loſe their mildneſs,
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildneſs.

Let him have time to tear his curled hair,
Let him have time againſt himſelf to rave,
Let him have time of time's help to deſpair,
Let him have time to live a loathed ſlave,
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave;
And time to ſee one that by alms doth live,
Diſdain to him diſdained ſcraps to give.

Let him have time to ſee his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him reſort:
Let him have time to mark how ſlow time goes
In time of ſorrow, and how ſwift and ſhort
His time of folly and his time of ſport:
And ever let his unrecalling crime
Have time to wail the abuſing of his time.

O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curſe him that thou taught'ſt this ill!
At his own ſhadow let the thief run mad,
Himſelf himſelf ſeek every hour to kill!
Such wretched hands ſuch wretched blood ſhould ſpill:
For who ſo baſe would ſuch an office have
As ſlanderous death's-man to ſo baſe a ſlave?

The baſer is he, coming from a king,
To ſhame his hope with deeds degenerate.
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate;
For greateſt ſcandal waits on greateſt ſtate.
The moon being clouded preſently is miſs'd,
But little ſtars may hide them when they liſt.

The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away;
But if the like the ſnow-white ſwan deſire,
The ſtain upon his ſilver down will ſtay.
Poor grooms are ſightleſs night, kings glorious day.
Gnats are unnoted whereſoe'er they fly,
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

Out idle words, ſervants to ſhallow fools!
Unprofitable ſounds, weak arbitrators!
Buſy yourſelves in ſkill-contending ſchools,
Debate where leiſure ſerves with dull debaters;
To trembling clients be you mediators:
For me, I force not argument a ſtraw,
Since that my caſe is paſt the help of law.

In vain I rail at opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful night;
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
In vain I ſpurn at my confirm'd deſpite:
This helpleſs ſmoke of words doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good,
Is to let forth my foul, defiled, blood.

Why ſhould the private pleaſure of ſome one
Become the publick plague of many moe?
Let ſin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath tranſgreſſed ſo.
Let guiltleſs ſouls be freed from guilty woe:
For one's offence why ſhould ſo many fall,
To plague a private ſin in general?

Lo here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus ſwounds;
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadviſed wounds,
And one man's luſt theſe many lives confounds:
Had doting Priam check'd his ſon's deſire,
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire.

Here feelingly ſhe weeps Troy's painted woes:
For ſorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
Once ſet on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little ſtrength rings out the doleful knell:
So Lucrece ſet a-work, ſad tales doth tell
To pencil'd penſiveneſs and colour'd ſorrow;
She lends them words, and ſhe their looks doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting, round,
And whom ſhe finds forlorn, ſhe doth lament:
At laſt ſhe ſees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to Phrygian ſhepherds lent;
His face, though full of cares, yet ſhow'd content:
Onward to Troy with the blunt ſwains he goes,
So mild, that Patience ſeem'd to ſcorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his ſkill
To hide deceit, and give the harmleſs ſhow
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing ſtill,
A brow unbent, that ſeem'd to welcome woe;
Cheeks, neither red nor pale, but mingled ſo
That bluſhing red no guilty inſtance gave,
Nor aſhy pale the fear that falſe hearts have.

But, like a conſtant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a ſhow ſo ſeeming juſt,
And therein ſo enſconc'd his ſecret evil,
That jealouſy itſelf could not miſtruſt
Falſe-creeping craft and perjury ſhould thruſt
Into ſo bright a day ſuch black-fac'd ſtorms,
Or blot with hell-born ſin ſuch ſaint-like forms.

The well-ſkill'd workman this mild image drew
For perjur'd Sinon, whoſe enchanting ſtory
The credulous old Priam after ſlew;
Whoſe words, like wild-fire, burnt the ſhining glory
Of rich-built Ilion, that the ſkies were ſorry,
And little ſtars ſhot from their fixed places,
When their glaſs fell wherein they view'd their faces.

This picture ſhe adviſedly perus'd,
And chid the painter for his wond'rous ſkill;
Saying, ſome ſhape in Sinon's was abus'd,
So fair a form lodg'd not a mind ſo ill;
And ſtill on him ſhe gaz'd, and gazing ſtill,
Such ſigns of truth in his plain face ſhe ſpy'd,
That ſhe concludes the picture was bely'd.

But now he throws that ſhallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him diſguiſe;
And arm'd his long-hid wits adviſedly,
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
Thou wronged lord of Rome, quoth he, ariſe;
Let my unſounded ſelf, ſuppos'd a fool,
Now ſet thy long-experienc'd wit to ſchool.

Why Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?
Is it revenge to give thyſelf a blow,
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childiſh humour from weak minds proceeds:
Thy wretched wife miſtook the matter ſo,
To ſlay herſelf, that ſhould have ſlain her foe.

Courageous Roman, do not ſteep thy heart
In ſuch relenting dew of lamentations,
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,
To rouſe our Roman gods with invocations,
That they will ſuffer theſe abominations,
Since Rome herſelf in them doth ſtand diſgraced,
By our ſtrong arms from forth her fair ſtreets chaſed.

Now by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaſte blood ſo unjuſtly ſtained,
By heaven's fair ſun, that breeds the fat earth's ſtore,
By all our country rights in Rome maintained,
And by chaſte Lucrece' ſoul that late complained
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife.

This ſaid, he ſtruck his hand upon his breaſt,
And kiſs'd the fatal knife to end his vow;
And to his proteſtation urg'd the reſt,
Who wondering at him, did him words allow:
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow;
And that deep vow which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they ſwore.

When they had ſworn to this adviſed doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence;
To ſhow the bleeding body thorough Rome,
And ſo to publiſh Tarquin's foul offence:
Which being done with ſpeedy diligence,
The Romans plauſibly did give conſent
To Tarquin's everlaſting baniſhment.

SONNETS.

TO THE ONLY BEGETTER
OF THESE ENSUING SONNETS,
Mr. W. H. ✕
ALL HAPPINESS
AND THAT ETERNITY PROMISED
BY OUR EVER-LIVING POET
WISHETH THE
WELL-WISHING ADVENTURER
IN SETTING FORTH,

T. T.

(Tho. Thorpe)

+ perhaps these letters are the initials of Henry Wriothesly reversed.

II.

When forty winters ſhall beſiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, ſo gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of ſmall worth held:
Then being aſk'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treaſure of thy luſty days;
To ſay, within thine own deep-ſunken eyes,
Were an all-eating ſhame, and thriftleſs praiſe.
How much more praiſe deſerv'd thy beauty's uſe,
If thou could'ſt anſwer—" *This fair child of mine*
Shall ſum my count, and make my old excuſe—"
Proving his beauty by ſucceſſion thine.
This were to be new-made when thou art old,
And ſee thy blood warm when thou feel'ſt it cold.

III.

Look in thy glaſs, and tell the face thou viewеſt,
Now is the time that face ſhould form another;
Whoſe freſh repair if now thou not reneweſt,
Thou doſt beguile the world, unbleſs ſome mother.
For where is ſhe ſo fair, whoſe un-eard womb
Diſdains the tillage of thy huſbandry?
Or who is he ſo fond, will be the tomb
Of his ſelf-love, to ſtop poſterity?
Thou art thy mother's glaſs, and ſhe in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
So thou through windows of thine age ſhalt ſee,
Deſpite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die ſingle, and thine image dies with thee.

IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
And being frank, she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffick with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives thy executor to be.

V.

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same,
And that unfair which fairly doth excell;
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter, and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnow'd, and bareness every where:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was.
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy ſummer, ere thou be diſtill'd:
Make ſweet ſome phial, treaſure thou ſome place
With beauty's treaſure, ere it be ſelf-kill'd.
That uſe it not forbidden uſury,
Which happies thoſe that pay the willing loan;
That's for thyſelf to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyſelf were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee:
Then, what could death do if thou ſhould'ſt depart,
Leaving thee living in poſterity?
Be not ſelf-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conqueſt, and make worms thine heir.

VII.

Lo in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing ſight,
Serving with looks his ſacred majeſty;
And having climb'd the ſteep-up heavenly hill,
Reſembling ſtrong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty ſtill,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from high-moſt pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way:
So thou, thyſelf out-going in thy noon,
Unlook'd on dieſt, unleſs thou get a ſon.

VIII.

Muſick to hear, why hear'ſt thou muſick ſadly?
Sweets with ſweets war not, joy delights in joy,
Why lov'ſt thou that which thou receiv'ſt not gladly?
Or elſe receiv'ſt with pleaſure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned ſounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but ſweetly chide thee, who confounds
In ſingleneſs the parts that thou ſhould'ſt bear.
Mark how one ſtring, ſweet huſband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Reſembling ſire and child and happy mother,
Who all in one, one pleaſing note do ſing:
Whoſe ſpeechleſs ſong, being many, ſeeming one,
Sings this to thee, "thou ſingle wilt prove none."

IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,
That thou conſum'ſt thyſelf in ſingle life?
Ah! if thou iſſueleſs ſhalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeleſs wife;
The world will be thy widow and ſtill weep,
That thou no form of thee haſt left behind,
When every private widow well may keep,
By children's eyes, her huſband's ſhape in mind.
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth ſpend,
Shifts but his place, for ſtill the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waſte hath in the world an end,
And kept unus'd, the uſer ſo deſtroys it.
No love toward others in that boſom ſits,
That on himſelf ſuch murderous ſhame commits.

X.

For ſhame! deny that thou bear'ſt love to any,
Who for thyſelf art ſo unprovident.
Grant if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
But that thou none lov'ſt, is moſt evident;
For thou art ſo poſſeſs'd with murderous hate,
That 'gainſt thyſelf thou ſtick'ſt not to conſpire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,
Which to repair ſhould be thy chief deſire.
O change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?
Be, as thy preſence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyſelf, at leaſt, kind-hearted prove:
Make thee another ſelf, for love of me,
That beauty ſtill may live in thine or thee.

XI.

As faſt as thou ſhalt wane, ſo faſt thou grow'ſt
In one of thine, from that which thou departeſt;
And that freſh blood which youngly thou beſtow'ſt,
Thou may'ſt call thine, when thou from youth converteſt.
Herein lives wiſdom, beauty, and increaſe;
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:
If all were minded ſo, the times ſhould ceaſe,
And threeſcore years would make the world away.
Let thoſe whom nature hath not made for ſtore,
Harſh, featureleſs, and rude, barrenly periſh:
Look whom ſhe beſt endow'd, ſhe gave thee more;
Which bounteous gift thou ſhould'ſt in bounty cheriſh:
She carv'd thee for her ſeal, and meant thereby,
Thou ſhould'ſt print more, nor let that copy die.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And ſee the brave day ſunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet paſt prime,
And ſable curls, all ſilver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I ſee barren of leaves,
Which erſt from heat did canopy the herd,
And ſummer's green all girded up in ſheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and briſtly beard;
Then of thy beauty do I queſtion make,
That thou among the waſtes of time muſt go,
Since ſweets and beauties do themſelves forſake,
And die as faſt as they ſee others grow;
And nothing 'gainſt time's ſcythe can make defence,
Save breed, to brave him, when he takes thee hence.

XIII.

O that you were yourſelf! but, love, you are
No longer your's, than you yourſelf here live:
Againſt this coming end you ſhould prepare,
And your ſweet ſemblance to ſome other give.
So ſhould that beauty which you hold in leaſe,
Find no determination: then you were
Yourſelf again, after yourſelf's deceaſe,
When your ſweet iſſue your ſweet form ſhould bear.
Who lets ſo fair a houſe fall to decay,
Which huſbandry in honour might uphold
Againſt the ſtormy guſts of winter's day,
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O! none but unthrifts:—Dear my love, you know,
You had a father; let your ſon ſay ſo.

XIV.

Not from the ſtars do I my judgment pluck;
And yet methinks I have aſtronomy,
But not to tell of good, or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or ſeaſons' quality:
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind,
Or ſay, with princes if it ſhall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And (conſtant ſtars) in them I read ſuch art,
As truth and beauty ſhall together thrive,
If from thyſelf to ſtore thou would'ſt convert:
Or elſe of thee this I prognoſticate,
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

XV.

When I conſider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge ſtate preſenteth nought but ſhows
Whereon the ſtars in ſecret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increaſe,
Cheared and check'd even by the ſelf-ſame ſky;
Vaunt in their youthful ſap, at height decreaſe,
And wear their brave ſtate out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconſtant ſtay
Sets you moſt rich in youth before my ſight,
Where waſteful time debateth with decay,
To change your day of youth to ſullied night;
And, all in war with time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourſelf in your decay
With means more bleſſed than my barren rhime?
Now ſtand you on the top of happy hours;
And many maiden gardens yet unſet,
With virtuous wiſh would bear you living flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
So ſhould the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourſelf in eyes of men.
To give away yourſelf, keeps yourſelf ſtill;
And you muſt live, drawn by your own ſweet ſkill.

XVII.

Who will believe my verſe in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your moſt high deſerts?
Though yet heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life, and ſhows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in freſh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would ſay, this poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.
So ſhould my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be ſcorn'd, like old men of leſs truth than tongue;
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And ſtretched metre of an antique ſong:
But were ſome child of yours alive that time,
You ſhould live twice;—in it, and in my rhime.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a ſummer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do ſhake the darling buds of May,
And ſummer's leaſe hath all too ſhort a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven ſhines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair ſometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing courſe, untrimm'd;
But thy eternal ſummer ſhall not fade,
Nor loſe poſſeſſion of that fair thou oweſt;
Nor ſhall death brag thou wander'ſt in his ſhade,
When in eternal lines to time thou groweſt:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can ſee,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And made the earth devour her own ſweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tyger's jaws,
And burn the long-liv'd phœnix in her blood;
Make glad and ſorry ſeaſons as thou fleet'ſt,
And do whate'er thou wilt, ſwift-footed Time,
To the wide world, and all her fading ſweets;
But I forbid thee one moſt heinous crime:
O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy courſe untainted do allow,
For beauty's pattern to ſucceeding men.
Yet, do thy worſt, old Time: deſpite thy wrong,
My love ſhall in my verſe ever ~~live~~ young.

XX.

A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,
Haſt thou, the maſter-miſtreſs of my paſſion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With ſhifting change, as is falſe women's faſhion;
An eye more bright than theirs, leſs falſe in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,
Which ſteals men's eyes, and women's ſouls amazeth.
And for a woman wert thou firſt created;
Till nature, as ſhe wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpoſe nothing.
But ſince ſhe prick'd thee out for women's pleaſure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's uſe their treaſure.

XXI.

So it is not with me as with that muſe,
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verſe;
Who heaven itſelf for ornament doth uſe,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearſe;
Making a couplement of proud compare,
With ſun and moon, with earth and ſea's rich gems,
With April's firſt-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
O let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not ſo bright
As thoſe gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:
Let them ſay more that like of hearſay well;
I will not praiſe, that purpoſe not to ſell.

* Romeo & Juliet.

XXII.

My glaſs ſhall not perſuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days ſhould expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee,
Is but the ſeemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breaſt doth live, as thine in me;
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O therefore, love, be of thyſelf ſo wary,
As I not for myſelf but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep ſo chary
As tender nurſe her babe from faring ill.
Preſume not on thy heart when mine is ſlain;
Thou gav'ſt me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the ſtage,
Who with his fear is put beſide his part,
Or ſome fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whoſe ſtrength's abundance weakens his own heart;
So I, for fear of truſt, forget to ſay
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's ſtrength ſeem to decay,
O'er-charg'd with burthen of mine own love's might.
O let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb preſagers of my ſpeaking breaſt;
Who plead for love, and look for recompence,
More than that tongue that more hath more expreſs'd.
O learn to read what ſilent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath ſteel'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perſpective it is beſt painter's art.
For through the painter muſt you ſee his ſkill,
To find where your true image pictur'd lies,
Which in my boſom's ſhop is hanging ſtill,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now ſee what good turns eyes for eyes have done;
Mine eyes have drawn thy ſhape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breaſt, where-through the ſun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they ſee, know not the heart.

XXV.

Let thoſe who are in favour with their ſtars,
Of publick honour and proud titles boaſt,
Whilſt I, whom fortune of ſuch triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour moſt.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves ſpread,
But as the marigold at the ſun's eye;
And in themſelves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famouſed for fight,
After a thouſand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the reſt forgot for which he toil'd:
Then happy I, that love and am beloved,
Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vaſſalage
Thy merit hath my duty ſtrongly knit,
To thee I ſend this written embaſſage,
To witneſs duty, not to ſhow my wit.
Duty ſo great, which wit ſo poor as mine
May make ſeem bare, in wanting words to ſhow it;
But that I hope ſome good conceit of thine
In thy ſoul's thought, all naked, will beſtow it:
Till whatſoever ſtar that guides my moving,
Points on me graciouſly with fair aſpect,
And puts apparel on my tattered loving,
To ſhow me worthy of thy ſweet reſpect:
Then may I dare to boaſt how I do love thee,
Till then, not ſhow my head where thou may'ſt prove me.

XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haſte me to my bed,
The dear repoſe for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expired:
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eye-lids open-wide,
Looking on darkneſs which the blind do ſee.
Save that my ſoul's imaginary ſight
Preſents thy ſhadow to my ſightleſs view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghaſtly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
Lo thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myſelf, no quiet find.

+ Catullus

XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of reſt?
When day's oppreſſion is not eas'd by night,
But day by night and night by day oppreſs'd?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in conſent ſhake hands to torture me,
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, ſtill farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to pleaſe him, thou art bright,
And doſt him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
So flatter I the ſwart-complexion'd night;
When ſparkling ſtars twire not, thou gild'ſt the even.
But day doth daily draw my ſorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's length ſeem ſtronger.

XXIX.

When in diſgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my out-caſt ſtate,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootleſs cries,
And look upon myſelf, and curſe my fate,
Wiſhing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends poſſeſs'd,
Deſiring this man's art, and that man's ſcope,
With what I moſt enjoy contented leaſt;
Yet in theſe thoughts myſelf almoſt deſpiſing,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my ſtate
(Like to the lark at break of day ariſing
From ſullen earth) ſings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy ſweet love remember'd, ſuch wealth brings,
That then I ſcorn to change my ſtate with kings.

XXX.

When to the ſeſſions of ſweet ſilent thought
I ſummon up remembrance of things paſt,
I ſigh the lack of many a thing I ſought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waſte:
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateleſs night,
And weep afreſh love's long-ſince cancel'd woe,
And moan the expence of many a vaniſh'd ſight.
Then can I grieve at grievances fore-gone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The ſad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not pay'd before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All loſſes are reſtor'd, and ſorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy boſom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have ſuppoſed dead;
And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
And all thoſe friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obſequious tear
Hath dear religious love ſtolen from mine eye,
As intereſt of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
And thou (all they) haſt all the all of me.

XXXII.

If thou ſurvive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with duſt ſhall cover,
And ſhalt by fortune once more re-ſurvey
Theſe poor rude lines of thy deceaſed lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time;
And though they be out-ſtripp'd by every pen,
Reſerve them for my love, not for their rhime,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O then vouchſafe me but this loving thought!
Had my friend's muſe grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But ſince he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their ſtyle I'll read, his for his love.

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I ſeen
Flatter the mountain tops with ſovereign eye,
Kiſſing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale ſtreams with heavenly alchymy;
Anon permit the baſeſt clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celeſtial face,
And from the forlorn world his viſage hide,
Stealing unſeen to weſt with this diſgrace:
Even ſo my ſun one early morn did ſhine,
With all triumphant ſplendour on my brow;
But out! alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath maſk'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit diſdaineth;
Suns of the world may ſtain, when heaven's ſun ſtaineth.

XXXIV.

Why didſt thou promiſe ſuch a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let baſe clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten ſmoke?
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my ſtorm-beaten face,
For no man well of ſuch a ſalve can ſpeak,
That heals the wound, and cures not the diſgrace:
Nor can thy ſhame give phyſick to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have ſtill the loſs:
The offender's ſorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the ſtrong offence's croſs.
Ah! but thoſe tears are pearl which thy love ſheds,
And they are rich, and ranſom all ill deeds.

XXXV.

No more be griev'd at that which thou haſt done:
Roſes have thorns, and ſilver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipſes ſtain both moon and ſun,
And loathſome canker lives in ſweeteſt bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy treſpaſs with compare,
Myſelf corrupting, ſalving thy amiſs,
Excuſing thy ſins more than thy ſins are:
For to thy ſenſual fault I bring in ſenſe,
(Thy adverſe party is thy advocate,)
And 'gainſt myſelf a lawful plea commence:
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an acceſſary needs muſt be
To that ſweet thief, which ſourly robs from me.

XXXVI.

Let me confeſs that we two muſt be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one:
So ſhall thoſe blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one reſpect,
Though in our lives a ſeparable ſpite,
Which though it alter not love's ſole effect,
Yet doth it ſteal ſweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Leſt my bewailed guilt ſhould do thee ſhame;
Nor thou with publick kindneſs honour me,
Unleſs thou take that honour from thy name:
But do not ſo; I love thee in ſuch ſort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To ſee his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearеſt ſpite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of theſe all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned ſit,
I make my love engrafted to this ſtore:
So then I am not lame, poor, nor deſpis'd,
Whilſt that this ſhadow doth ſuch ſubſtance give,
That I in thy abundance am ſuffic'd,
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look what is beſt, that beſt I wiſh in thee;
This wiſh I have; then ten times happy me!

XXXVIII.

How can my muſe want ſubject to invent,
While thou doſt breathe, that pour'ſt into my verſe
Thine own ſweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearſe?
Oh give thyſelf the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy peruſal, ſtand againſt thy ſight,
For who's ſo dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyſelf doſt give invention light?
Be thou the tenth muſe, ten times more in worth
Than thoſe old nine, which rhimers invocate;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to out-live long date.
If my ſlight muſe do pleaſe theſe curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine ſhall be the praiſe.

XXXIX.

O how thy worth with manners may I ſing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praiſe to mine own ſelf bring?
And what is't but mine own, when I praiſe thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love loſe name of ſingle one,
That by this ſeparation I may give
That due to thee, which thou deſerv'ſt alone.
O abſence, what a torment would'ſt thou prove,
Were it not thy ſour leiſure gave ſweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
(Which time and thoughts ſo ſweetly doth deceive,)
And that thou teacheſt how to make one twain,
By praiſing him here, who doth hence remain.

XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What haſt thou then more than thou hadſt before?
No love, my love, that thou may'ſt true love call;
All mine was thine, before thou hadſt this more.
Then if for my love thou my love receiveſt,
I cannot blame thee, for my love thou uſeſt;
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyſelf deceiveſt
By wilful taſte of what thyſelf refuſeſt.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou ſteal thee all my poverty;
And yet love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.
Laſcivious grace, in whom all ill well ſhows,
Kill me with ſpites; yet we muſt not be foes.

XLI.

Thoſe pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am ſometime abſent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For ſtill temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be aſſail'd;
And when a woman wooes, what woman's ſon
Will ſourly leave her till ſhe have prevail'd.
Ah me! but yet thou might'ſt, my ſweet, forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy ſtraying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forc'd to break a two-fold truth;
Her's, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being falſe to me.

XLII.

That thou haſt her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be ſaid I lov'd her dearly;
That ſhe hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loſs in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuſe ye:—
Thou doſt love her, becauſe thou know'ſt I love her;
And for my ſake even ſo doth ſhe abuſe me,
Suffering my friend for my ſake to approve her.
If I loſe thee, my loſs is my love's gain,
And loſing her, my friend hath found that loſs;
Both find each other, and I loſe both twain,
And both for my ſake lay on me this croſs:
But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;
Sweet flattery!—then ſhe loves but me alone.

XLIII.

When moſt I wink, then do mine eyes beſt ſee,
For all the day they view things unreſpected;
But when I ſleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whoſe ſhadow ſhadows doth make bright,
How would thy ſhadow's form form happy ſhow
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unſeeing eyes thy ſhade ſhines ſo?
How would (I ſay) mine eyes be bleſſed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect ſhade
Through heavy ſleep on ſightleſs eyes doth ſtay?
All days are nights to ſee, till I ſee thee,
And nights, bright days, when dreams do ſhow thee me.

XLIV.

If the dull ſubſtance of my fleſh were thought,
Injurious diſtance ſhould not ſtop my way;
For then, deſpite of ſpace, I would be brought
From limits far remote, where thou doſt ſtay.
No matter then, although my foot did ſtand
Upon the fartheſt earth remov'd from thee,
For nimble thought can jump both ſea and land,
As ſoon as think the place where he would be.
But ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that, ſo much of earth and water wrought,
I muſt attend time's leiſure with my moan;
Receiving nought by elements ſo ſlow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

XLV.

The other two, ſlight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The firſt my thought, the other my deſire,
Theſe preſent-abſent with ſwift motion ſlide.
For when theſe quicker elements are gone
In tender embaſſy of love to thee,
My life being made of four, with two alone,
Sinks down to death, oppreſs'd with melancholy;
Until life's compoſition be recured
By thoſe ſwift meſſengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, aſſured
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I ſend them back again, and ſtraight go ſad.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I ſeek,—my weary travel's end,—
Doth teach that eaſe and that repoſe to ſay,
"Thus far the miles are meaſur'd from thy friend!"
The beaſt that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by ſome inſtinct the wretch did know
His rider lov'd not ſpeed, being made from thee:
The bloody ſpur cannot provoke him on
That ſometimes anger thruſts into his hide,
Which heavily he anſwers with a groan,
More ſharp to me than ſpurring to his ſide;
For that ſame groan doth put this in my mind,
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

LI.

Thus can my love excuſe the ſlow offence
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I ſpeed:
From where thou art why ſhould I haſte me thence?
Till I return, of poſting is no need.
O, what excuſe will my poor beaſt then find,
When ſwift extremity can ſeem but ſlow?
Then ſhould I ſpur, though mounted on the wind;
In winged ſpeed no motion ſhall I know:
Then can no horſe with my deſire keep pace;
Therefore deſire, of perfect love being made,
Shall neigh (no dull fleſh) in his firy race;
But love, for love, thus ſhall excuſe my jade;
Since from thee going he went wilful ſlow,
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whoſe bleſſed key
Can bring him to his ſweet up-locked treaſure,
The which he will not every hour ſurvey,
For blunting the fine point of ſeldom pleaſure.
Therefore are feaſts ſo ſolemn and ſo rare,
Since ſeldom coming, in the long year ſet,
Like ſtones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you, as my cheſt,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make ſome ſpecial inſtant ſpecial-bleſt,
By new unfolding his impriſon'd pride.
Bleſſed are you, whoſe worthineſs gives ſcope,
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LIII.

What is your ſubſtance, whereof are you made,
That millions of ſtrange ſhadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one ſhade,
And you, but one, can every ſhadow lend.
Deſcribe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty ſet,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speak of the ſpring, and foizon of the year;
The one doth ſhadow of your beauty ſhow,
The other as your bounty doth appear,
And you in every bleſſed ſhape we know.
In all external grace you have ſome part,
But you like none, none you, for conſtant heart.

LIV.

O how much more doth beauty beauteous ſeem,
By that ſweet ornament which truth doth give!
The roſe looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that ſweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
As the perfumed tincture of the roſes,
Hang on ſuch thorns, and play as wantonly
When ſummer's breath their maſked buds diſcloſes.
But, for their virtue only is their ſhow,
They live unwoo'd and unreſpected fade;
Die to themſelves. Sweet roſes do not ſo;
Of their ſweet deaths are ſweeteſt odours made:
And ſo of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that ſhall fade, my verſe diſtills your truth.

LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, ſhall out-live this powerful rhime;
But you ſhall ſhine more bright in theſe contents
Than unſwept ſtone, beſmear'd with ſluttiſh time.
When waſteful war ſhall ſtatues overturn,
And broils root out the works of maſonry,
Nor Marſis ſword nor war's quick fire ſhall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainſt death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praiſe ſhall ſtill find room,
Even in the eyes of all poſterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So till the judgment that yourſelf ariſe,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not ſaid,
Thy edge ſhould blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow ſharpen'd in his former might:
So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fulneſs,
To-morrow ſee again, and do not kill
The ſpirit of love with a perpetual dulneſs.
Let this ſad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the ſhore, where two contracted-new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they ſee
Return of love, more bleſt may be the view:
Or call it winter, which being full of care,
Makes ſummer's welcome thrice more wiſh'd, more rare.

LVII.

Being your ſlave, what ſhould I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your deſire?
I have no precious time at all to ſpend,
Nor ſervices to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,
Whilſt I, my ſovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterneſs of abſence ſour,
When you have bid your ſervant once adieu;
Nor dare I queſtion with my jealous thought,
Where you may be, or your affairs ſuppoſe,
But, like a ſad ſlave, ſtay and think of nought,
Save, where you are how happy you make thoſe:
So true a fool is love, that in your will
(Though you do any thing) he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

That God forbid, that made me firſt your ſlave,
I ſhould in thought control your times of pleaſure,
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vaſſal, bound to ſtay your leiſure!
Oh let me ſuffer (being at your beck)
The impriſon'd abſence of your liberty,
And patience, tame to ſufferance, bide each check
Without accuſing you of injury.
Be where you liſt; your charter is ſo ſtrong,
That you yourſelf may privilege your time;
Do what you will, to you it doth belong
Yourſelf to pardon of ſelf-doing crime.
I am to wait, though waiting ſo be hell;
Not blame your pleaſure, be it ill or well.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that, which is,
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
Which labouring for invention bear amiſs
The ſecond burden of a former child?
O that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courſes of the ſun,
Show me your image in ſome antique book,
Since mind at firſt in character was done!
That I might ſee what the old world could ſay
To this compoſed wonder of your frame;
Whether we are mended, or whe'r better they,
Or whether revolution be the ſame.
O! ſure I am, the wits of former days
To ſubjects worſe have given admiring praiſe.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled ſhore,
So do our minutes haſten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In ſequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipſes 'gainſt his glory fight,
And time that gave, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flouriſh ſet on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing ſtands but for his ſcythe to mow.
And yet, to times in hope, my verſe ſhall ſtand,
Praiſing thy worth, deſpite his cruel hand.

LXI.

Is it thy will, thy image ſhould keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Doſt thou deſire my ſlumbers ſhould be broken,
While ſhadows, like to thee, do mock my ſight?
Is it thy ſpirit that thou ſend'ſt from thee
So far from home, into my deeds to pry;
To find out ſhames and idle hours in me,
The ſcope and tenour of thy jealouſy?
O no! thy love, though much, is not ſo great;
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my reſt defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy ſake:
For thee watch I, whilſt thou doſt wake elſewhere,
From me far off, with others all-too-near.

LXII.

Sin of ſelf-love poſſeſſeth all mine eye,
And all my ſoul, and all my every part;
And for this ſin there is no remedy,
It is ſo grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face ſo gracious is as mine,
No ſhape ſo true, no truth of ſuch account,
And for myſelf mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths ſurmount.
But when my glaſs ſhows me myſelf indeed,
'Bated and chopp'd with tan'd antiquity,
Mine own ſelf-love quite contrary I read,
Self ſo ſelf-loving were iniquity.
'Tis thee (myſelf) that for myſelf I praiſe,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.

Againſt my love ſhall be, as I am now,
With time's injurious hand cruſh'd and o'erworn;
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's ſteepy night;
And all thoſe beauties, whereof now he's king,
Are vaniſhing or vaniſh'd out of ſight,
Stealing away the treaſure of his ſpring;
For ſuch a time do I now fortify
Againſt confounding age's cruel knife,
That he ſhall never cut from memory
My ſweet love's beauty, though my lover's life.
His beauty ſhall in theſe black lines be ſeen,
And they ſhall live, and he in them ſtill green.

LXIV.

When I have ſeen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich proud coſt of out-worn bury'd age;
When ſometime lofty towers I ſee down-ras'd,
And braſs eternal ſlave to mortal rage;
When I have ſeen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the ſhore,
And the firm ſoil win of the watry main,
Increaſing ſtore with loſs, and loſs with ſtore;
When I have ſeen ſuch interchange of ſtate,
Or ſtate itſelf confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate—
That time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot chooſe
But weep to have that which it fears to loſe.

LXV.

Since braſs, nor ſtone, nor earth, nor boundleſs ſea,
But ſad mortality o'er-ſways their power,
How with this rage ſhall beauty hold a plea,
Whoſe action is no ſtronger than a flower?
O how ſhall ſummer's honey breath hold out
Againſt the wreckful ſiege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not ſo ſtout,
Nor gates of ſteel ſo ſtrong, but time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack!
Shall time's beſt jewel from time's cheſt lie hid?
Or what ſtrong hand can hold his ſwift foot back?
Or who his ſpoil of beauty can forbid?
O none, unleſs this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may ſtill ſhine bright.

LXVI.

Tir'd with all theſe, for reſtful death I cry,—
As, to behold deſert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trim'd in jollity,
And pureſt faith unhappily forſworn,
And gilded honour ſhamefully miſplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely ſtrumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully diſgrac'd,
And ſtrength by limping ſway diſabled,
And art made tongue-ty'd by authority,
And folly (doctor-like) controling ſkill,
And ſimple truth miſcall'd ſimplicity,
And captive Good attending captain Ill:
Tir'd with all theſe, from theſe would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVII.

Ah! wherefore with infection ſhould he live,
And with his preſence grace impiety,
That ſin by him advantage ſhould atchieve,
And lace itſelf with his ſociety?
Why ſhould falſe painting imitate his cheek,
And ſteal dead ſeeing of his living hue?
Why ſhould poor beauty indirectly ſeek
Roſes of ſhadow, ſince his roſe is true?
Why ſhould he live now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood to bluſh through lively veins?
For ſhe hath no exchequer now but his,
And proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O, him ſhe ſtores, to ſhow what wealth ſhe had,
In days long ſince, before theſe laſt ſo bad.

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days out-worn,
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
Before theſe baſtard ſigns of fair were borne,
Or durſt inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden treſſes of the dead,
The right of ſepulchres, were ſhorn away,
To live a ſecond life on ſecond head,
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:
In him thoſe holy antique hours are ſeen,
Without all ornament, itſelf, and true,
Making no ſummer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dreſs his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth nature ſtore,
To ſhow falſe art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX.

Thoſe parts of thee that the world's eye doth view,
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend:
All tongues (the voice of ſouls) give thee that due,
Uttering bare truth, even ſo as foes commend.
Thy outward thus with outward praiſe is crown'd;
But thoſe ſame tongues that give thee ſo thine own,
In other accents do this praiſe confound,
By ſeeing farther than the eye hath ſhown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in gueſs, they meaſure by thy deeds;
Then (churls) their thoughts, although their eyes were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank ſmell of weeds:
But why thy odour matcheth not thy ſhow,
The ſolve is this,—that thou doſt common grow.

LXX.

That thou art blam'd ſhall not be thy defect,
For ſlander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is ſuſpect,
A crow that flies in heaven's ſweeteſt air.
So thou be good, ſlander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;
For canker vice the ſweeteſt buds doth love,
And thou preſent'ſt a pure unſtained prime.
Thou haſt paſs'd by the ambuſh of young days,
Either not aſſail'd, or victor being charg'd;
Yet this thy praiſe cannot be ſo thy praiſe,
To tie up envy, evermore enlarg'd:
If ſome ſuſpect of ill maſk'd not thy ſhow,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts ſhould'ſt owe.

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you ſhall hear the ſurly ſullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vileſt worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you ſo,
That I in your ſweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then ſhould make you woe.
O if (I ſay) you look upon this verſe,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not ſo much as my poor name rehearſe;
But let your love even with my life decay:
Leſt the wiſe world ſhould look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.

O, leſt the world ſhould taſk you to recite
What merit liv'd in me, that you ſhould love
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unleſs you would deviſe ſome virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own deſert,
And hang more praiſe upon deceaſed I,
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
O, leſt your true love may ſeem falſe in this,
That you for love ſpeak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to ſhame nor me nor you.
For I am ſham'd by that which I bring forth,
And ſo ſhould you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII.

That time of year thou may'ſt in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon thoſe boughs which ſhake againſt the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the ſweet birds ſang.
In me thou ſeeſt the twilight of ſuch day,
As after ſun-ſet fadeth in the weſt,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's ſecond ſelf, that ſeals up all in reſt.
In me thou ſeeſt the glowing of ſuch fire,
That on the aſhes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it muſt expire,
Conſum'd with that which it was nouriſh'd by.
This thou perceiv'ſt, which makes thy love more ſtrong,
To love that well which thou muſt leave ere long.

LXXIV.

But be contented: when that fell arreſt
Without all bail ſhall carry me away,
My life hath in this line ſome intereſt,
Which for memorial ſtill with thee ſhall ſtay.
When thou revieweſt this, thou doſt review
The very part was conſecrate to thee.
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My ſpirit is thine, the better part of me:
So then thou haſt but loſt the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conqueſt of a wretch's knife,
Too baſe of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that, is that which it contains,
And that this is, and this with thee remains.

LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,
Or as ſweet-ſeaſon'd ſhowers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold ſuch ſtrife
As 'twixt a miſer and his wealth is found;
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will ſteal his treaſure;
Now counting beſt to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may ſee my pleaſure:
Sometime, all full with feaſting on your ſight,
And by and by clean ſtarved for a look;
Poſſeſſing or purſuing no delight,
Save what is had or muſt from you be took.
Thus do I pine and ſurfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI.

Why is my verſe ſo barren of new pride?
So far from variation or quick change?
Why, with the time, do I not glance aſide
To new-found methods and to compounds ſtrange?
Why write I ſtill all one, ever the ſame,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almoſt tell my name,
Showing their birth, and where they did proceed?
O know, ſweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are ſtill my argument;
So all my beſt is dreſſing old words new,
Spending again what is already ſpent:
For as the ſun is daily new and old,
So is my love ſtill telling what is told.

LXXVII.

With a present of a Table-Book.

Thy glaſs will ſhow thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waſte;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning may'ſt thou taſte.
The wrinkles which thy glaſs will truly ſhow,
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's ſhady ſtealth may'ſt know
Time's thieviſh progreſs to eternity.
Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to theſe waſte blanks, and thou ſhalt find
Thoſe children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, ſo ſoft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invok'd thee for my muſe,
And found ſuch fair aſſiſtance in my verſe,
As every alien pen hath got my uſe,
And under thee their poeſy diſperſe.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to ſing,
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
And given grace a double majeſty.
Yet be moſt proud of that which I compile,
Whoſe influence is thine, and born of thee.
In others' works thou doſt but mend the ſtile,
And arts with thy ſweet graces graced be;
But thou art all my art, and doſt advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX.

Whilſt I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verſe alone had all thy gentle grace;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my ſick muſe doth give another place.
I grant, ſweet love, thy lovely argument
Deſerves the travail of a worthier pen;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he ſtole that word
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek; he can afford
No praiſe to thee but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth ſay,
Since what he owes thee thou thyſelf doſt pay.

LXXX.

O how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better ſpirit doth uſe your name,
And in the praiſe thereof ſpends all his might,
To make me tongue-ty'd, ſpeaking of your fame!
But ſince your worth (wide, as the ocean is,)
The humble as the proudeſt ſail doth bear,
My ſaucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your ſhalloweſt help will hold me up afloat,
Whilſt he upon your ſoundleſs deep doth ride;
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthleſs boat,
He of tall building, and of goodly pride:
Then if he thrive, and I be caſt away,
The worſt was this;—my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

Or I ſhall live your epitaph to make,
Or you ſurvive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life ſhall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world muſt die.
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes ſhall lie.
Your monument ſhall be my gentle verſe,
Which eyes not yet created ſhall o'er-read;
And tongues to be, your being ſhall rehearſe,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You ſtill ſhall live (ſuch virtue hath my pen,)
Where breath moſt breathes,—even in the mouths of men.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my muſe,
And therefore may'ſt without attaint o'er-look
The dedicated words which writers uſe
Of their fair ſubject, bleſſing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit paſt my praiſe;
And therefore art enforc'd to ſeek anew
Some freſher ſtamp of the time-bettering days.
And do ſo, love; yet when they have devis'd
What ſtrained touches rhetorick can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly ſympathiz'd
In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend;
And their groſs painting might be better us'd
Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abus'd.

LXXXIII.

I never ſaw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting ſet.
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt:
And therefore have I ſlept in your report,
That you yourſelf, being extant, well might ſhow
How far a modern quill doth come too ſhort,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This ſilence for my ſin you did impute,
Which ſhall be moſt my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty being mute,
When others would give life, and bring a tomb.
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes,
Than both your poets can in praiſe deviſe.

LXXXIV.

Who is it that ſays moſt? which can ſay more,
Than this rich praiſe,—that you alone are you?
In whoſe confine immured is the ſtore
Which ſhould example where your equal grew.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
That to his ſubject lends not ſome ſmall glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, ſo dignifies his ſtory,
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worſe what nature made ſo clear,
And ſuch a counter-part ſhall fame his wit,
Making his ſtile admired every where.
You to your bounteous bleſſings add a curſe,
Being fond on praiſe, which makes your praiſes worſe.

LXXXV.

My tongue-ty'd muſe in manners holds her ſtill,
While comments of your praiſe, richly compil'd,
Reſerve their character with golden quill,
And precious phraſe by all the muſes fil'd.
I think good thoughts, while others write good words,
And, like unletter'd clerk, ſtill cry *Amen*
To every hymn that able ſpirit affords,
In poliſh'd form of well-refined pen.
Hearing you prais'd, I ſay, *'tis ſo, 'tis true,*
And to the moſt of praiſe add ſomething more;
But that is in my thought, whoſe love to you,
Though words come hind-moſt, holds his rank before.
Then others for the breath of words reſpect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, ſpeaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full ſail of his great verſe,
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearſe,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his ſpirit, by ſpirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that ſtruck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verſe aſtoniſhed.
He, nor that affable familiar ghoſt
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors, of my ſilence cannot boaſt;
I was not ſick of any fear from thence.
But when your countenance fil'd up his line,
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewel! thou art too dear for my poſſeſſing,
And like enough thou know'ſt thy eſtimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releaſing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deſerving?
The cauſe of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And ſo my patent back again is ſwerving.
Thyſelf thou gav'ſt, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'ſt it, elſe miſtaking;
So thy great gift, upon miſpriſion growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In ſleep a king, but waking, no ſuch matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou ſhalt be diſpos'd to ſet me light,
And place my merit in the eye of Scorn,
Upon thy ſide againſt myſelf I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forſworn.
With mine own weakneſs being beſt acquainted,
Upon thy part I can ſet down a ſtory
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted;
That thou, in loſing me, ſhall win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myſelf I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I ſo belong,
That for thy right myſelf will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didſt forſake me for ſome fault,
And I will comment upon that offence:
Speak of my lameneſs, and I ſtraight will halt;
Againſt thy reaſons making no defence.
Thou canſt not, love, diſgrace me half ſo ill,
To ſet a form upon deſired change,
As I'll myſelf diſgrace: knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance ſtrangle, and look ſtrange;
Be abſent from thy walks; and in my tongue
Thy ſweet-beloved name no more ſhall dwell;
Leſt I (too much profane) ſhould do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, againſt myſelf I'll vow debate,
For I muſt ne'er love him whom thou doſt hate.

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now while the world is bent my deeds to croſs,
Join with the ſpite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loſs:
Ah! do not, when my heart hath ſcap'd this ſorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me laſt,
When other petty griefs have done their ſpite,
But in the onſet come; ſo ſhall I taſte
At firſt the very worſt of Fortune's might;
And other ſtrains of woe, which now ſeem woe,
Compar'd with loſs of thee, will not ſeem ſo.

XCI.

Some glory in their birth, ſome in their ſkill,
Some in their wealth, ſome in their body's force;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,
Some in their hawks and hounds, ſome in their horſe;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleaſure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the reſt;
But theſe particulars are not my meaſure,
All theſe I better in one general beſt.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' coſt,
Of more delight than hawks or horſes be;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boaſt.
Wretched in this alone, that thou may'ſt take
All this away, and me moſt wretched make.

XCII.

But do thy worſt to ſteal thyſelf away,
For term of life thou art aſſured mine;
And life no longer than thy love will ſtay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worſt of wrongs,
When in the leaſt of them my life hath end.
I ſee a better ſtate to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend.
Thou canſt not vex me with inconſtant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
But what's ſo bleſſed-fair that fears no blot?—
Thou may'ſt be falſe, and yet I know it not:

XCIII.

So ſhall I live, ſuppoſing thou art true,
Like a deceived huſband; ſo love's face
May ſtill ſeem love to me, though alter'd-new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many looks the falſe heart's hiſtory
Is writ, in moods and frowns and wrinkles ſtrange,
But heaven in thy creation did decree,
That in thy face ſweet love ſhould ever dwell;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks ſhould nothing thence but ſweetneſs tell.
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy ſweet virtue anſwer not thy ſhow!

XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they moſt do ſhow,
Who, moving others, are themſelves as ſtone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation ſlow;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
And huſband nature's riches from expence;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but ſtewards of their excellence.
The ſummer's flower is to the ſummer ſweet,
Though to itſelf it only live and die;
But if that flower with baſe infection meet,
The baſeſt weed out-braves his dignity:
For ſweeteſt things turn ſoureſt by their deeds;
Lilies that feſter, ſmell far worſe than weeds.

XCV.

How ſweet and lovely doſt thou make the ſhame
Which, like a canker in the fragrant roſe,
Doth ſpot the beauty of thy budding name?
O, in what ſweets doſt thou thy ſins encloſe!
That tongue that tells the ſtory of thy days,
Making laſcivious comments on thy ſport,
Cannot diſpraiſe but in a kind of praiſe;
Naming thy name bleſſes an ill report.
O what a manſion have thoſe vices got,
Which for their habitation choſe out thee!
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turn to fair, that eyes can ſee!
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardeſt knife ill-us'd doth loſe his edge.

XCVI.

Some ſay thy fault is youth, ſome wantonneſs,
Some ſay thy grace is youth and gentle ſport;
Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and leſs:
Thou mak'ſt faults graces that to thee reſort.
As on the finger of a throned queen
The baſeſt jewel will be well eſteem'd;
So are thoſe errors that in thee are ſeen,
To truths tranſlated, and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the ſtern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks tranſlate!
How many gazers might'ſt thou lead away,
If thou would'ſt uſe the ſtrength of all thy ſtate!
But do not ſo; I love thee in ſuch ſort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my abſence been
From thee, the pleaſure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days ſeen?
What old December's bareneſs every where!
And yet this time remov'd was ſummer's time;
The teeming autumn, big with rich increaſe,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' deceaſe:
Yet this abundant iſſue ſeem'd to me
But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit;
For ſummer and his pleaſures wait on thee,
And thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they ſing, 'tis with ſo dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

XCVIII.

From you have I been abſent in the ſpring,
When proud-pied April, dreſs'd in all his trim,
Hath put a ſpirit of youth in every thing;
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the ſweet ſmell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any ſummer's ſtory tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praiſe the deep vermilion in the roſe;
They were but ſweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all thoſe.
Yet ſeem'd it winter ſtill, and, you away,
As with your ſhadow I with theſe did play:

XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide;—
Sweet thief, whence didſt thou ſteal thy ſweet that ſmells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy ſoft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou haſt too groſsly dy'd.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had ſtolen thy hair:
The roſes fearfully on thorns did ſtand,
One bluſhing ſhame, another white deſpair;
A third, nor red nor white, had ſtolen of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could ſee,
But ſweet or colour it had ſtolen from thee.

C.

Where art thou, Muſe, that thou forget'ſt ſo long
To ſpeak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'ſt thou thy fury on ſome worthleſs ſong,
Darkening thy power, to lend baſe ſubjects light?
Return, forgetful Muſe, and ſtraight redeem
In gentle numbers time ſo idly ſpent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays eſteem,
And gives thy pen both ſkill and argument.
Riſe, reſtive Muſe, my love's ſweet face ſurvey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a ſatire to decay,
And make Time's ſpoils deſpiſed every where.
Give my love fame faſter than Time waſtes life;
So thou prevent'ſt his ſcythe, and crooked knife.

CI.

O truant Muſe, what ſhall be thy amends,
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So doſt thou too, and therein dignify'd.
Make anſwer, Muſe: wilt thou not haply ſay,
Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd,
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay:
But beſt is beſt, if never intermix'd?—
Becauſe he needs no praiſe, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuſe not ſilence ſo; for it lies in thee
To make him much out-live a gilded tomb,
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muſe; I teach thee how
To make him ſeem long hence as he ſhows now.

CII.

My love is ſtrengthen'd, though more weak in ſeeming;
I love not leſs, though leſs the ſhow appear:
That love is merchandiz'd, whoſe rich eſteeming
The owner's tongue doth publiſh every where.
Our love was new, and then but in the ſpring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in ſummer's front doth ſing,
And ſtops his pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the ſummer is leſs pleaſant now
Than when her mournful hymns did huſh the night,
But that wild muſick burdens every bough,
And ſweets grown common loſe their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I ſometime hold my tongue,
Becauſe I would not dull you with my ſong.

CIII.

Alack! what poverty my muſe brings forth,
That having ſuch a ſcope to ſhow her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth,
Than when it hath my added praiſe beſide.
O blame me not if I no more can write!
Look in your glaſs, and there appears a face
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me diſgrace.
Were it not ſinful then, ſtriving to mend,
To mar the ſubject that before was well?
For to no other paſs my verſes tend,
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verſe can ſit,
Your own glaſs ſhows you, when you look in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were, when firſt your eye I ey'd,
Such ſeems your beauty ſtill. Three winters cold
Have from the foreſts ſhook three ſummers' pride;
Three beauteous ſprings to yellow autumn turn'd,
In proceſs of the ſeaſons have I ſeen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since firſt I ſaw you freſh which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd,
So your ſweet hue, which methinks ſtill doth ſtand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd.
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,
Ere you were born was beauty's ſummer dead.

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idle ſhow,
Since all alike my ſongs and praiſes be,
To one, of one, ſtill ſuch, and ever ſo.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still conſtant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verſe to conſtancy confin'd,
One thing expreſſing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention ſpent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous ſcope affords.
Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,
Which three, till now, never kept ſeat in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of waſted time
I ſee deſcriptions of the faireſt wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhime,
In praiſe of ladies dead, and lovely knights,
Then in the blazon of ſweet beauty's beſt,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I ſee their antique pen would have expreſs'd
Even ſuch a beauty as you maſter now.
So all their praiſes are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not ſkill enough your worth to ſing:
For we, which now behold theſe preſent days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praiſe.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetick ſoul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the leaſe of my true love control,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipſe endur'd,
And the ſad augurs mock their own preſage;
Incertainties now crown themſelves aſſur'd,
And peace proclaims olives of endleſs age.
Now with the drops of this moſt balmy time
My love looks freſh, and Death to me ſubſcribes,
Since ſpite of him I'll live in this poor rhime,
While he inſults o'er dull and ſpeechleſs tribes.
And thou in this ſhalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' creſts and tombs of braſs are ſpent.

CVIII.

What's in the brain that ink may character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true ſpirit?
What's new to ſpeak, what new to regiſter,
That may expreſs my love, or thy dear merit?
Nothing, ſweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I muſt each day ſay o'er the very ſame;
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when firſt I hallow'd thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's freſh caſe
Weighs not the duſt and injury of age,
Nor gives to neceſſary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page;
Finding the firſt conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form would ſhow it dead.

CIX.

O never ſay that I was falſe of heart,
Though abſence ſeem'd my flame to qualify.
As eaſy might I from myſelf depart,
As from my ſoul which in thy breaſt doth lie:
That is my home of love: if I have rang'd,
Like him that travels, I return again;
Juſt to the time, not with the time exchang'd,—
So that myſelf bring water for my ſtain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that beſiege all kinds of blood,
That it could ſo prepoſterouſly be ſtain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy ſum of good;
For nothing this wide univerſe I call,
Save thou, my roſe; in it thou art my all.

CX.

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myſelf a motley to the view,
Gor'd mine own thoughts, ſold cheap what is moſt dear,
Made old offences of affections new.
Moſt true it is, that I have look'd on truth
Aſkance and ſtrangely; but, by all above,
Theſe blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worſe eſſays prov'd thee my beſt of love.
Now all is done, ſave what ſhall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A God in love, to whom I am confin'd.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the beſt,
Even to thy pure and moſt moſt loving breaſt.

CXI.

O for my ſake do you with fortune chide,
The guilty goddeſs of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide,
Than publick means, which publick manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almoſt thence my nature is ſubdu'd
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
Pity me then, and wiſh I were renew'd;
Whilſt, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eyeſell, 'gainſt my ſtrong infection;
No bitterneſs that I will bitter think,
Nor double pennance to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I aſſure ye,
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impreſſion fill
Which vulgar ſcandal ſtamp'd upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?
You are my all-the-world, and I muſt ſtrive
To know my ſhames and praiſes from your tongue;
None elſe to me, nor I to none alive,
That my ſteel'd ſenſe or changes, right or wrong.
In ſo profound abyſm I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's ſenſe
To critick and to flatterer ſtopped are.
Mark how with my neglect I do diſpenſe:—
You are ſo ſtrongly in my purpoſe bred,
That all the world beſides methinks are dead.

CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind,
And that which governs me to go about,
Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
Seems ſeeing, but effectually is out;
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or ſhape, which it doth lack;
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own viſion holds what it doth catch;
For if it ſee the rud'ſt or gentleſt ſight,
The moſt ſweet favour, or deformed'ſt creature,
The mountain or the ſea, the day or night,
The crow, or dove, it ſhapes them to your feature.
Incapable of more, replete with you,
My moſt true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery,
Or whether ſhall I ſay mine eye ſaith true,
And that your love taught it this alcumy,
To make of monſters and things indigeſt,
Such cherubins as your ſweet ſelf reſemble,
Creating every bad a perfect beſt,
As faſt as objects to his beams aſſemble?
O 'tis the firſt; 'tis flattery in my ſeeing,
And my great mind moſt kingly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his guſt is 'greeing,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
If it be poiſon'd, 'tis the leſſer ſin
That mine eye loves it, and doth firſt begin.

CXV.

Thoſe lines that I before have writ, do lie,
Even thoſe that ſaid I could not love you dearer;
Yet then my judgment knew no reaſon why
My moſt full flame ſhould afterwards burn clearer.
But reckoning time, whoſe million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Tan ſacred beauty, blunt the ſharp'ſt intents,
Divert ſtrong minds to the courſe of altering things;
Alas! why, fearing of time's tyranny,
Might I not then ſay, *now I love you beſt*,
When I was certain o'er incertainty,
Crowning the preſent, doubting of the reſt?
Love is a babe; then might I not ſay ſo,
To give full growth to that which ſtill doth grow?

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempeſts, and is never ſhaken;
It is the ſtar to every wandering bark,
Whoſe worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though roſy lips and cheeks
Within his bending ſickle's compaſs come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

CXVII.

Accuſe me thus; that I have ſcanted all
Wherein I ſhould your great deſerts repay;
Forgot upon your deareſt love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear-purchas'd right;
That I have hoiſted ſail to all the winds
Which ſhould tranſport me fartheſt from your ſight.
Book both my wilfulneſs and errors down,
And on juſt proof, ſurmiſe accumulate,
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But ſhoot not at me in your waken'd hate:
Since my appeal ſays, I did ſtrive to prove
The conſtancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge;
As, to prevent our maladies unſeen,
We ſicken to ſhun ſickneſs, when we purge;
Even ſo, being full of your ne'er-cloying ſweetneſs,
To bitter ſawces did I frame my feeding,
And, ſick of welfare, found a kind of meetneſs
To be diſeas'd, ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, to anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults aſſured,
And brought to medicine a healthful ſtate,
Which, rank of goodneſs, would by ill be cured.
But thence I learn, and find the leſſon true,
Drugs poiſon him that ſo fell ſick of you.

CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Syren tears,
Diſtil'd from limbecks foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still loſing when I ſaw myſelf to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilſt it hath thought itſelf ſo bleſſed never!
How have mine eyes out of their ſpheres been fitted,
In the diſtraction of this madding fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil ſtill made better;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at firſt, more ſtrong, far greater.
So I return rebuk'd to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than I have ſpent.

CXX.

That you were once unkind, befriends me now,
And for that ſorrow, which I then did feel,
Needs muſt I under my tranſgreſſion bow,
Unleſs my nerves were braſs or hammer'd ſteel.
For if you were by my unkindneſs ſhaken,
As I by your's, you have paſs'd a hell of time;
And I, a tyrant, have no leiſure taken
To weigh how once I ſuffer'd in your crime.
O that our night of woe might have remember'd
My deepeſt ſenſe, how hard true ſorrow hits,
And ſoon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
The humble ſalve which wounded boſom fits!
But that your treſpaſs now becomes a fee;
Mine ranſom your's, and your's muſt ranſom me.

CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile, than vile eſteem'd,
When not to be receives reproach of being,
And the juſt pleaſure loſt, which is ſo deem'd
Not by our feeling, but by others' ſeeing.
For why ſhould others' falſe adulterate eyes
Give ſalutation to my ſportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer ſpies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No,—I am that I am; and they that level
At my abuſes, reckon up their own:
I may be ſtraight, though they themſelves be bevel;
By their rank thoughts my deeds muſt not be ſhown;
Unleſs this general evil they maintain,
All men are bad and in their badneſs reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with laſting memory,
Which ſhall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity:
Or at the leaſt ſo long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to ſubſiſt;
Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miſs'd.
That poor retention could not ſo much hold,
Nor need I tallies, thy dear love to ſcore;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To truſt thoſe tables that receive thee more:
To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
Were to import forgetfulneſs in me.

CXXIII.

No! Time, thou ſhalt not boaſt that I do change:
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing ſtrange;
They are but dreſſings of a former ſight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou doſt foiſt upon us that is old,
And rather make them born to our deſire,
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy regiſters and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the preſent nor the paſt;
For thy records and what we ſee doth lie,
Made more or leſs by thy continual haſte:
This I do vow, and this ſhall ever be,
I will be true, deſpite thy ſcythe and thee.

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of ſtate,
It might for fortune's baſtard be unfather'd,
As ſubject to time's love, or to time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
No, it was builded far from accident;
It ſuffers not in ſmiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thralled diſcontent,
Whereto the inviting time our faſhion calls:
It fears not policy, that heretick,
Which works on leaſes of ſhort-number'd hours,
But all alone ſtands hugely politick,
That it not grows with heat, nor drowns with ſhowers.
To this I witneſs call the fools of time,
Which die for goodneſs, who have liv'd for crime.

CXXV.

Were it aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring,
Or lay'd great baſes for eternity,
Which prove more ſhort than waſte or ruining?
Have I not ſeen dwellers on form and favour
Loſe all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound ſweet foregoing ſimple ſavour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing ſpent?
No;—let me be obſequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with ſeconds, knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence, thou ſuborn'd informer! a true ſoul,
When moſt impeach'd, ſtands leaſt in thy control.

Here end the Sonnets addreſſed to
his Patron, or to Love.
Moſt of the reſt are addreſſed

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Doſt hold time's fickle glaſs, his ſickle, hour;
Who haſt by waning grown, and therein ſhow'ſt
Thy lovers withering, as thy ſweet ſelf grow'ſt!
If nature, ſovereign miſtreſs over wrack,
As thou goeſt onwards, ſtill will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpoſe, that her ſkill
May time diſgrace, and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleaſure;
She may detain, but not ſtill keep her treaſure:
Her audit, though delay'd, anſwer'd muſt be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But now is black beauty's ſucceſſive heir,
And beauty ſlander'd with a baſtard ſhame.
For ſince each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's falſe-borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy hour,
But is profan'd, if not lives in diſgrace.
Therefore my miſtreſs' eyes are raven black,
Her eyes ſo ſuited; and they mourners ſeem
At ſuch, who not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a falſe eſteem:
Yet ſo they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue ſays, beauty ſhould look ſo.

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my muſick, muſick play'ſt,
Upon that bleſſed wood whoſe motion ſounds
With thy ſweet fingers, when thou gently ſway'ſt
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy thoſe jacks, that nimble leap
To kiſs the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilſt my poor lips, which ſhould that harveſt reap,
At the wood's boldneſs by thee bluſhing ſtand!
To be ſo tickled, they would change their ſtate
And ſituation with thoſe dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more bleſs'd than living lips.
Since ſaucy jacks ſo happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiſs.

CXXIX.

The expence of ſpirit in a waſte of ſhame
Is luſt in action; and till action, luſt
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to truſt;
Enjoy'd no ſooner, but deſpiſed ſtraight;
Paſt reaſon hunted; and no ſooner had,
Paſt reaſon hated, as a ſwallow'd bait,
On purpoſe laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in purſuit, and in poſſeſſion ſo;
Had, having, and in queſt to have, extreme;
A bliſs in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe;
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream:
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To ſhun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.

My miſtreſs' eyes are nothing like the ſun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
If ſnow be white, why then her breaſts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have ſeen roſes damaſk'd, red and white,
But no ſuch roſes ſee I in her cheeks;
And in ſome perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my miſtreſs reeks.
I love to hear her ſpeak,—yet well I know
That muſick hath a far more pleaſing ſound;
I grant I never ſaw a goddeſs go,—
My miſtreſs, when ſhe walks, treads on the ground;
And yet by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any ſhe bely'd with falſe compare.

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, ſo as thou art,
As thoſe whoſe beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know'ſt to my dear doting heart
Thou art the faireſt and moſt precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, ſome ſay that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:
To ſay they err, I dare not be ſo bold,
Although I ſwear it to myſelf alone.
And, to be ſure that is not falſe I ſwear,
A thouſand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck, do witneſs bear
Thy black is faireſt in my judgment's place.
In nothing art thou black, ſave in thy deeds,
And thence this ſlander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart, torment me with diſdain;
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning ſun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the eaſt,
Nor that full ſtar that uſhers in the even,
Doth half that glory to the ſober weſt,
As thoſe two mourning eyes become thy face:
O let it then as well beſeem thy heart
To mourn for me, ſince mourning doth thee grace,
And ſuit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I ſwear beauty herſelf is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.

Beſhrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is't not enough to torture me alone,
But ſlave to ſlavery my ſweet'ſt friend muſt be?
Me from myſelf thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next ſelf thou harder haſt engroſs'd;
Of him, myſelf, and thee, I am forſaken;
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be croſs'd.
Priſon my heart in thy ſteel boſom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Who e'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canſt not then uſe rigour in my gaol:
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXVIII.

When my love ſwears that ſhe is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know ſhe lies;
That ſhe might think me ſome untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's falſe ſubtilties.
Thus vainly thinking that ſhe thinks me young,
Although ſhe knows my days are paſt the beſt,
Simply I credit her falſe-ſpeaking tongue,
On both ſides thus is ſimple truth ſuppreſt.
But wherefore ſays ſhe not, ſhe is unjuſt?
And wherefore ſay not I, that I am old?
O love's beſt habit is in ſeeming truſt.
And age in love loves not to have years told:
Therefore I lie with her, and ſhe with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

CXXXIX.

O call not me to juſtify the wrong,
That thy unkindneſs lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;
Uſe power with power, and ſlay me not by art.
Tell me thou lov'ſt elſewhere; but in my ſight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aſide.
What need'ſt thou wound with cunning, when thy might
Is more than my o'erpreſs'd defence can 'bide?
Let me excuſe thee: ah! my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies;
And therefore from my face ſhe turns my foes,
That they elſewhere might dart their injuries:
Yet do not ſo; but ſince I am near ſlain,
Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

CXL.

Be wiſe as thou art cruel; do not preſs
My tongue-ty'd patience with too much diſdain;
Leſt ſorrow lend me words, and words expreſs
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me ſo;
(As teſty ſick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their phyſicians know:)
For, if I ſhould deſpair, I ſhould grow mad,
And in my madneſs might ſpeak ill of thee:
Now this ill-wreſting world is grown ſo bad,
Mad ſlanderers by mad ears believed be.
That I may not be ſo, nor thou bely'd,
Bear thine eyes ſtraight, though thy proud heart go wide.

CXLI.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thouſand errors note;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they deſpiſe,
Who in deſpite of view is pleas'd to dote.
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
Nor tender feeling, to baſe touches prone,
Nor taſte nor ſmell, deſire to be invited
To any ſenſual feaſt with thee alone:
But my five wits, nor my five ſenſes can
Diſſuade one fooliſh heart from ſerving thee,
Who leaves unſway'd the likeneſs of a man,
Thy proud heart's ſlave and vaſſal wretch to be:
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That ſhe that makes me ſin, awards me pain.

CXLVI.

Poor ſoul, the center of my ſinful earth,
Fool'd by thoſe rebel powers that thee array,
Why doſt thou pine within, and ſuffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls ſo coſtly gay?
Why ſo large coſt, having ſo ſhort a leaſe,
Doſt thou upon thy fading manſion ſpend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this exceſs,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, ſoul, live thou upon thy ſervant's loſs,
And let that pine to aggravate thy ſtore;
Buy terms divine in ſelling hours of droſs;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So ſhalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And, death once dead, there's no more dying then.

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing ſtill
For that which longer nurſeth the diſeaſe;
Feeding on that which doth preſerve the ill,
The uncertain ſickly appetite to pleaſe.
My reaſon, the phyſician to my love,
Angry that his preſcriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I deſperate now approve,
Deſire is death, which phyſick did except.
Paſt cure I am, now reaſon is paſt care,
And frantick-mad with ever-more unreſt;
My thoughts and my diſcourſe as mad men's are,
At random from the truth vainly expreſs'd;
For I have ſworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII.

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,
Which have no correſpondence with true ſight?
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That cenſures falſely what they ſee aright?
If that be fair whereon my falſe eyes dote,
What means the world to ſay it is not ſo?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not ſo true as all men's: no,
How can it? O how can Love's eye be true,
That is ſo vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then though I miſtake my view;
The ſun itſelf ſees not, till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'ſt me blind,
Leſt eyes well-ſeeing thy foul faults ſhould find.

CXLIX.

Canſt thou, O cruel! ſay I love thee not,
When I, againſt myſelf, with thee partake?
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
Am of myſelf, all tyrant, for thy ſake?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'ſt thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay if thou lowr'ſt on me, do I not ſpend
Revenge upon myſelf with preſent moan?
What merit do I in myſelf reſpect,
That is ſo proud thy ſervice to deſpiſe,
When all my beſt doth worſhip thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
Thoſe that can ſee thou lov'ſt, and I am blind.

PASSIONATE PILGRIM

PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

I.

Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye,
'Gainſt whom the world cannot hold argument,
Perſuade my heart to this falſe perjury?
Vows for thee broke deſerve not puniſhment.
A woman I forſwore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddeſs, I forſwore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all diſgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then thou fair ſun, which on my earth doſt ſhine,
Exhal'ſt this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what fool is not ſo wiſe
To break an oath, to win a paradiſe?

She burnt with love, as ſtraw with fire flameth,
She burnt out love, as ſoon as ſtraw out burneth;
She fram'd the love, and yet ſhe foil'd the framing,
She bade love laſt, and yet ſhe fell a turning.
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
Bad in the beſt, though excellent in neither.

VI.

If muſick and ſweet poetry agree,
As they muſt needs, the ſiſter and the brother,
Then muſt the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Becauſe thou lov'ſt the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whoſe heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth raviſh human ſenſe;
Spenſer to me, whoſe deep conceit is ſuch,
As paſſing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lov'ſt to hear the ſweet melodious ſound,
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of muſick, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd,
Whenas himſelf to ſinging he betakes.
One god is god of both, as poets feign;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

VII.

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,
* * * * *
Paler for ſorrow than her milk-white dove,
For Adon's ſake, a youngſter proud and wild;
Her ſtand ſhe takes upon a ſteep-up hill:
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;

She ſilly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he ſhould not paſs thoſe grounds;
Once, quoth ſhe, did I ſee a fair ſweet youth
Here in theſe brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a ſpectacle of ruth!
See in my thigh, quoth ſhe, here was the ſore:
She ſhowed hers; he ſaw more wounds than one,
And bluſhing fled, and left her all alone.

VIII.

Sweet roſe, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, ſoon faded,
Pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the ſpring!
Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely ſhaded!
Fair creature, kill'd too ſoon by death's ſharp ſting!
Like a green plumb that hangs upon a tree,
And falls, through wind, before the fall ſhould be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cauſe I have;
For why? thou left'ſt me nothing in thy Will.
And yet thou left'ſt me more than I did crave;
For why? I craved nothing of thee ſtill:
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee;
Thy diſcontent thou didſt bequeath to me.

IX.

Fair Venus with Adonis ſitting by her,
Under a myrtle ſhade, began to woo him:
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
And as he fell to her, ſhe fell to him.
Even thus, quoth ſhe, the warlike god embrac'd me;
And then ſhe clip'd Adonis in her arms:

XIII.

Lord how mine eyes throw gazes to the eaſt!
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning riſe
Doth cite each moving ſenſe from idle reſt.
Not daring truſt the office of mine eyes,
While Philomela ſits and ſings, I ſit and mark,
And wiſh her lays were tuned like the lark;

For ſhe doth welcome day-light with her ditty,
And drives away dark diſmal-dreaming night:
The night ſo pack'd, I poſt unto my pretty;
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wiſhed ſight;
Sorrow chang'd to ſolace, ſolace mix'd with ſorrow;
For why? ſhe ſigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would poſt too ſoon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;
To ſpite me now, each minute ſeems an hour;
Yet not for me, ſhine ſun to ſuccour flowers!
Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now borrow;
Short, Night, to-night, and length thyſelf to-morrow.

XIV.

It was a lordling's daughter, the faireſt one of three,
That liked of her maſter as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Engliſhman, the faireſt that eye could ſee,
Her fancy fell a turning.
Long was the combat doubtful, that love with love did fight,
To leave the maſter loveleſs, or kill the gallant knight:
To put in practice either, alas it was a ſpite
Unto the ſilly damſel.

But one muſt be refuſed, more mickle was the pain,
That nothing could be uſed, to turn them both to gain,
For of the two the truſty knight was wounded with diſdain:
Alas ſhe could not help it!
Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away;
Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay;
For now my ſong is ended.

XV.

On a day (alack the day!)
Love, whoſe month was ever May,
Spy'd a bloſſom paſſing fair,
Playing in the wanton air,
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unſeen, 'gan paſſage find;
That the lover, ſick to death,
Wiſh'd himſelf the heaven's breath:
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph ſo!
But alas! my hand hath ſworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth, ſo apt to pluck a ſweet.
Do not call it ſin in me,
That I am forſworn for thee;
Thou for whom even Jove would ſwear
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himſelf for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

XVI.

My flocks feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams ſpeed not,
  All is amiſs:
Love's denying,
Faith's defying,
Heart's renying,
  Cauſer of this.
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is loſt, God wot:
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay is plac'd without remove.
One ſilly croſs
Wrought all my loſs;
  O frowning fortune, curſed, fickle dame!
For now I ſee,
Inconſtancy
  More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
All fears ſcorn I,
Love hath forlorn me,
  Living in thrall:
Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,
(O cruel ſpeeding!)
  Fraughted with gall.
My ſhepherd's pipe can ſound no deal,
My wethers' bell rings doleful knell;
My curtail dog that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but ſeems afraid;

With ſighs ſo deep,
Procures to weep,
In howling-wiſe, to ſee my doleful plight.
How ſighs reſound
Through heartleſs ground,
Like a thouſand vanquiſh'd men in bloody fight!
Clear wells ſpring not,
Sweet birds ſing not,
Green plants bring not
Forth; they die:
Herds ſtand weeping,
Flocks all ſleeping,
Nymphs back peeping
Fearfully.
All our pleaſure known to us poor ſwains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening ſport from us is fled,
All our love is loſt, for love is dead.
Farewel, ſweet love,
Thy like ne'er was
For ſweet content, the cauſe of all my moan:
Poor Coridon
Muſt live alone,
Other help for him I ſee that there is none.

XVII.

When as thine eye hath choſe the dame,
And ſtall'd the deer that thou ſhould'ſt ſtrike,
Let reaſon rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy, partial might:
Take counſel of ſome wiſer head,
Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And there ſung the dolefull'ſt ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
Fie, fie, fie, now would ſhe cry,
Teru, Teru, by and by:

That to hear her ſo complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, ſo lively ſhown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'ſt in vain;
None take pity on thy pain:
Senſeleſs trees, they cannot hear thee;
Ruthleſs beaſts, they will nót cheer thee;
King Pandion, he is dead;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead:
All thy fellow birds do ſing,
Careleſs of thy ſorrowing.
Even ſo, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.

Whilſt as fickle fortune ſmil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd.
Every one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in miſery.
Words are eaſy like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend,
Whilſt thou haſt wherewith to ſpend;
But if ſtore of crowns be ſcant,
No man will ſupply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call:
And with ſuch like flattering,
" *Pity but he were a king.*"

If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandement;
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewel his great renown:
They that fawn'd on him before,
Uſe his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need;
If thou ſorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot ſleep:
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
Theſe are certain ſigns to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

XIX.

Take, oh, take thoſe lips away,
That ſo ſweetly were forſworn;
And thoſe eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do miſlead the morn:
But my kiſſes bring again,
Seals of love, but ſeal'd in vain.
Hide, oh, hide thoſe hills of ſnow
Which thy frozen boſom bears,
On whoſe tops the pinks that grow,
Are of thoſe that April wears.
But firſt ſet my poor heart free,
Bound in thoſe icy chains by thee.

XX.

Let the bird of loudeſt lay,
On the ſole Arabian tree,
Herald ſad and trumpet be,
To whoſe ſound chaſte wings obey.

But thou ſhrieking harbinger,
Foul pre-currer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near.

From this ſeſſion interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king:
Keep the obſequy ſo ſtrict.

Let the prieſt in ſurplice white,
That defunctive muſick can,
Be the death-divining ſwan,
Leſt the *requiem* lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow,
That thy ſable gender mak'ſt
With the breath thou giv'ſt and tak'ſt,
'Mongſt our mourners ſhalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:—
Love and conſtancy is dead;
Phœnix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain
Had the eſſence but in one;

Two diſtincts, diviſion none:
Number there in love was ſlain.

Hearts remote, yet not aſunder;
Diſtance, and no ſpace was ſeen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen:
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did ſhine,
That the turtle ſaw his right
Flaming in the phœnix' ſight:
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,
That the ſelf was not the ſame;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reaſon, in itſelf confounded,
Saw diviſion grow together;
To themſelves yet either-neither,
Simple were ſo well compounded;

That it cried, how true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reaſon, reaſon none,
If what parts can ſo remain.

Whereupon it made this threne
To the phœnix and the dove,
Co-ſupremes and ſtars of love;
As chorus to their tragick ſcene.

Bright Star, would I were stedfast as thou art
Not in lone splendor hung aloft the night
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like natures patient, sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earths human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors.
No - yet still stedfast, still unchangeable
Pillow'd upon my fair loves ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft swell and fall,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever - or else swoon to death

Charles Brown writes describing a letter from Severn from "Rome, Sept 19th 1821," published by me in Athenaeum 23 aug. 1879, "He wrote this down in the ship - it is one of his most beautiful things. I will send it" This was thought Keats' last poem, & it ends with the word Death.

A LOVER's COMPLAINT.

FROM off a hill whoſe concave womb re-worded
A plaintful ſtory from a ſiſtering vale,
My ſpirits to attend this double voice accorded,
And down I lay to liſt the ſad-tun'd tale:
Ere long eſpy'd a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with ſorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of ſtraw,
Which fortified her viſage from the ſun,
Whereon the thought might think ſometime it ſaw
The carcaſe of a beauty ſpent and done.
Time had not ſcythed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit; but, ſpite of heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of ſear'd age.

Oft did ſhe heave her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters,
Laund'ring the ſilken figures in the brine
That ſeaſon'd woe had pelleted in tears,
And often reading what contents it bears;
As often ſhrieking undiſtinguiſh'd woe,
In clamours of all ſize, both high and low.

Sometimes her level'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the ſpheres intend;
Sometime diverted their poor balls are ty'd
To the orbed earth; ſometimes they do extend
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and no where fix'd,
The mind and ſight diſtractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor looſe, nor ty'd in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careleſs hand of pride;
For ſome, untuck'd, deſcended her ſheav'd hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beſide;
Some in her threaden fillet ſtill did bide,
And true to bondage, would not break from thence,
Though ſlackly braided in looſe negligence.

A thouſand favours from a maund ſhe drew
Of amber, cryſtal, and of bedded jet,
Which one by one ſhe in a river threw,
Upon whoſe weeping margent ſhe was ſet,—
Like uſury, applying wet to wet,
Or monarchs' hands, that let not bounty fall
Where want cries *ſome*, but where exceſs begs all.

Of folded ſchedules had ſhe many a one,
Which ſhe perus'd, ſigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;
Crack'd many a ring of poſied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their ſepulchres in mud;
Found yet more letters ſadly pen'd in blood,
With ſleided ſilk feat and affectedly
Enſwath'd, and ſeal'd to curious ſecrecy.

Theſe often bath'd ſhe in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiſs'd, and often 'gan to tear;
Cry'd, O falſe blood! thou regiſter of lies,
What unapproved witneſs doſt thou bear!
Ink would have ſeem'd more black and damned here!
This ſaid, in top of rage the lines ſhe rents,
Big diſcontent ſo breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh,
(Sometime a blüſterer, that the ruffle knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The ſwifteſt hours,) obſerved as they flew;
Towards this afflicted fancy faſtly drew;
And, priviledg'd by age, deſires to know
In brief, the grounds and motives of her woe.

So ſlides he down upon his grained bat,
And comely-diſtant ſits he by her ſide;
When he again deſires her, being ſat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
If that from him there may be aught apply'd
Which may her ſuffering ecſtaſy aſſuage,
'Tis promis'd in the charity of age.

Father, ſhe ſays, though in me you behold
The injury of many a blaſting hour,
Let it not tell your judgment I am old;
Not age, but ſorrow, over me hath power:
I might as yet have been a ſpreading flower,
Freſh to myſelf, if I had ſelf-apply'd
Love to myſelf, and to no love beſide.

But woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful ſuit (it was to gain my grace)
Of one by nature's outwards ſo commended,
That maiden's eyes ſluck over all his face:
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place;
And when in his fair parts ſhe did abide,
She was new lodg'd, and newly deified.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curls;
And every light occaſion of the wind
Upon his lips their ſilken parcels hurls.
What's ſweet to do, to do will aptly find:
Each eye that ſaw him did enchant the mind
For on his viſage was in little drawn,
What largeneſs thinks in paradiſe was ſawn.

Small ſhow of man was yet upon his chin;
His phœnix down began but to appear,
Like unſhorn velvet, on that termleſs ſkin,
Whoſe bare out-brag'd the web it ſeem'd to wear;
Yet ſhow'd his viſage by that coſt moſt dear;
And nice affections wavering ſtood in doubt
If beſt 'twere as it was, or beſt without.

His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free;
Yet, if men mov'd him, was he ſuch a ſtorm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to ſee,
When winds breathe ſweet, unruly though they be.
His rudeneſs ſo with his authoriz'd youth,
Did livery falſeneſs in a pride of truth.

Well could he ride, and often men would ſay,
"*That horſe his mettle from his rider takes:*
Proud of ſubjection, noble by the ſway,
What rounds, what bounds, what courſe, what ſtop he makes!"
And controverſy hence a queſtion takes,
Whether the horſe by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing ſteed.

But quickly on this ſide the verdict went,
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accompliſh'd in himſelf, not in his caſe:
All aids, themſelves made fairer by their place,
Came for additions; yet their purpos'd trim
Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.

So on the tip of his ſubduing tongue
All kind of arguments and queſtion deep,
All replication prompt, and reaſon ſtrong,
For his advantage ſtill did wake and ſleep;
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different ſkill,
Catching all paſſions in his craft of will;

† himself

That he did in the general boſom reign
Of young, of old; and ſexes both enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In perſonal duty, following where he haunted:
Conſents bewitch'd, ere he deſire, have granted;
And dialogu'd for him what he would ſay,
Aſk'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

Many there were that did his picture get,
To ſerve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
Like fools that in the imagination ſet
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and manſions, their's in thought aſſign'd;
And labouring in more pleaſures to beſtow them,
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them:

So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly ſuppos'd them miſtreſs of his heart.
My woeful ſelf, that did in freedom ſtand,
And was my own fee-ſimple, (not in part,)
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reſerv'd the ſtalk, and gave him all my flower.

Yet did I not, as ſome my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being deſired, yielded;
Finding myſelf in honour ſo forbid,
With ſafeſt diſtance I mine honour ſhielded:
Experience for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
Of this falſe jewel, and his amorous ſpoil.

* A very characteristic stanza.

But ah! who ever ſhun'd by precedent
The deſtin'd ill ſhe muſt herſelf aſſay?
Or forc'd examples, 'gainſt her own content,
To put the bye-paſs'd perils in her way?
Counſel may ſtop a while what will not ſtay;
For when we rage, advice is often ſeen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

Nor gives it ſatisfaction to our blood,
That we muſt curb it upon others' proof,
To be forbid the ſweets that ſeem ſo good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
O appetite, from judgment ſtand aloof!
The one a palate hath that needs will taſte,
Though reaſon weep, and cry *it is thy laſt.*

For further I could ſay, *this man's untrue,*
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were gilded in his ſmiling;
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;
Thought, characters, and words, merely but art,
And baſtards of his foul adulterate heart.

And long upon theſe terms I held my city,
Till thus he 'gan beſiege me: "Gentle maid,
Have of my ſuffering youth ſome feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid:
That's to you ſworn, to none was ever ſaid;
For feaſts of love I have been call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow.

All my offences that abroad you ſee,
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind:
Love made them not; with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind:
They ſought their ſhame that ſo their ſhame did find;
And ſo much leſs of ſhame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.

Among the many that mine eyes have ſeen,
Not one whoſe flame my heart ſo much as warm'd,
Or my affection put to the ſmalleſt teen,
Or any of my leiſures ever charm'd:
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

Look here what tributes wounded fancies ſent me,
Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood;
Figuring that they their paſſions likewiſe lent me
Of grief and bluſhes, aptly underſtood
In bloodleſs white and the encrimſon'd mood;
Effects of terror and dear modeſty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

And lo! behold theſe talents of their hair,
With twiſted metal amorouſly impleach'd,
I have receiv'd from many a ſeveral fair,
(Their kind acceptance weepingly beſeech'd,)
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd ſonnets that did amplify
Each ſtone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

The diamond; why 'twas beautiful and hard,
Whereto his invis'd properties did tend;
The deep-green emerald, in whoſe freſh regard
Weak ſights their ſickly radiance do amend;
The heaven-hued ſaphire and the opal blend
With objects manifold; each ſeveral ſtone,
With wit well blazon'd, ſmil'd or made ſome moan.

Lo! all theſe trophies of affections hot,
Of penſiv'd and ſubdued deſires the tender,
Nature hath charg'd me that I hoard them not,
But yield them up where I myſelf muſt render,
That is, to you, my origin and ender:
For theſe, of force, muſt your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

O then advance of yours that phraſeleſs hand,
Whoſe white weighs down the airy ſcale of praiſe;
Take all theſe ſimilies to your own command,
Hallow'd with ſighs that burning lungs did raiſe;
What me your miniſter, for you obeys,
Works under you; and to your audit comes
Their diſtract parcels in combined ſums.

Lo! this device was ſent me from a nun,
Or ſiſter ſanctified of holieſt note;
Which late her noble ſuit in court did ſhun,
Whoſe rareſt havings made the bloſſoms dote;
For ſhe was ſought by ſpirits of richeſt coat,
But kept cold diſtance, and did thence remove,
To ſpend her living in eternal love.

But O, my ſweet, what labour is't to leave
The thing we have not, maſtering what not ſtrives?
Playing the place which did no form receive,
Playing patient ſports in unconſtrained gyves:
She that her fame ſo to herſelf contrives,
The ſcars of battle ſcapeth by the flight,
And makes her abſence valiant, not her might.

O pardon me, in that my boaſt is true;
The accident which brought me to her eye,
Upon the moment did her force ſubdue,
And now ſhe would the caged cloiſter fly:
Religious love put out religion's eye:
Not to be tempted, would ſhe be enmur'd,
And now, to tempt all, liberty procur'd.

How mighty then you are, O hear me tell!
The broken boſoms that to me belong,
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among:
I ſtrong o'er them, and you o'er me being ſtrong,
Muſt for your victory us all congeſt,
As compound love to phyſick your cold breaſt.

My parts had power to charm a ſacred ſun,
Who diſciplin'd and dieted in grace,
Believ'd her eyes when I the aſſail begun,
All vows and conſecrations giving place.
O moſt potential love! vow, bond, nor ſpace,
In thee hath neither ſting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things elſe are thine.

When thou impreſſeſt, what are precepts worth
Of ſtale example? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly thoſe impediments ſtand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame?
Love's arms are peace, 'gainſt rule, 'gainſt ſenſe, 'gainſt ſhame,
And ſweetens, in the ſuffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, ſhocks, and fears.

Now all theſe hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine,
And ſupplicant their ſighs to you extend,
And leave the battery that you make 'gainſt mine,
Lending ſoft audience to my ſweet deſign,
And credent ſoul to that ſtrong-bonded oath,
That ſhall prefer and undertake my troth."

This ſaid, his watery eyes he did diſmount,
Whoſe ſights till then were level'd on my face;
Each cheek a river running from a fount
With briniſh current downward flow'd apace:
O how the channel to the ſtream gave grace!
Who, glaz'd with cryſtal, gate the glowing roſes
That flame through water which their hue incloſes.

O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the ſmall orb of one particular tear?
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breaſt ſo cold that is not warmed here?
O cleft effect! cold modeſty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath!

+ This is perhaps as fine as anything in his plays.

For lo! his paſſion, but an art of craft,
Even there reſolv'd my reaſon into tears;
There my white ſtole of chaſtity I daft,
Shook off my ſober guards, and civil fears;
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,
His poiſon'd me, and mine did him reſtore.

In him a plenitude of ſubtle matter,
Applied to cautels, all ſtrange forms receives,
Of burning bluſhes, or of weeping water,
Or ſwooning paleneſs; and he takes and leaves,
In either's aptneſs as it beſt deceives,
To bluſh at ſpeeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and ſwoon at tragick ſhows;

That not a heart which in his level came,
Could ſcape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame;
And veil'd in them, would win whom he would maim:
Againſt the thing he ſought he would exclaim;
When he moſt burnt in heart-wiſh'd luxury,
He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold chaſtity.

Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd,
That the unexperienc'd gave the tempter place,
Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd.
Who, young and ſimple, would not be ſo lover'd.
Ah me! I fell; and yet do queſtion make
What I ſhould do again for ſuch a ſake.

O, that infected moiſture of his eye,
O, that falſe fire which in his cheek ſo glow'd,
O, that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly,
O, that ſad breath his ſpungy lungs beſtow'd,
O, all that borrowed motion, ſeeming ow'd,
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid!

I have no chill despondence that I am
Self banished from those rolls of honoring men
That keep a temperate Eye on airy Fame
And write Songs to her with a golden pen.
I do not wail because the Muses keep
Their Secrets on the top of Helicon
Nor do I in my wayward moments weep
That from my Youth, Romance is past & gone.
My boat is trimm'd - my Sail is set - and I
Shall coast the Shallows of the tide of Time
And rest me happily - where others lie,
Who pass oblivious days. No feelings climb
Ambitiously within me. Sweet Farewell
Be to those Nymphs that on the old Hill dwell

J K

14 Feb.y 1818

GLOSSARY.

Nature withheld Cassandra in the skies
For meet adornment a full thousand years;
She took their cream of Beauty, fairest dies
and shaped and tinted her above all peers
Love meanwhile held her dearly with his wings
And undemeath their shadow chaim'd her eyes
To such a richness, that the cloudy Kings
Of high Olympus uttered slavish sighs –
When I beheld her on the Earth descend
My heart began to burn – and only pains
They were my pleasures – they my sad Lifes end
Love pour'd her Beauty into my warm ver

This is a translation from one of Ronsard's sonnets (a Book I lent Keats) – It begins

"Nature ornant Cassandre qui devoit
De ses forcer les plus rebelles"

R.W.

I believe I have the translation complete at home.

GLOSSARY.

A.

ABJECTS, the moſt ſervile and loweſt of ſubjects.

Aby, to pay dear for, to ſuffer.

Abyſm, abyſs, from the French *abyſme*, now *abîme*.

Accite, to call or ſummons.

Aconitum, woolfsbane.

Adam, the name of an outlaw, noted for his ſkill in archery. MUCH ADO.

Adam Cupid, an alluſion to the ſame perſon. ROM. AND JUL.

Addreſt, ready, prepared.

Advertiſing, attentive.

Aery, or *Aiery*, a neſt.

Affect the letter, to practiſe alliteration. LOVE'S LAB.

Affects, affections or paſſions.

Affeered, a law-term for confirmed.

Affied, betrothed.

Affined, joined by affinity.

Affront, ſometimes to face, or confront.

Affy, to betroth in marriage.

Aglet-baby, a diminutive being, not exceeding in ſize the tag of a point; from *aiguillettes*.

Agnize, acknowledge, confeſs, avow.

Aiery, a hawk's or eagle's neſt. RICH. III.

Airy fame, verbal eulogium.

Alder-liefeſt, preferred to all things; from *leve* or *lefe*, dear, and *alder*, of all.

A'life, at life.

Amazonian chin, a chin without a beard.

Ames-ace, the loweſt chance of the dice.

Amort, ſunk, diſpirited.

Ancient, an enſign, or ſtandard-bearer.

Angle, a fiſhing-rod. WINT. TALE.

Antres, caves and dens.

Appeach, to impeach.

Apple-John, ſpecies of apple that will keep for two years; in French, *deux-ans*.

Approof, approbation, or ſometimes proof, confirmation.

Aqua vitæ, probably, uſquebaugh. MER. WIVES.

Arabian bird, the phenix.

Argentine goddeſs, regent of the ſilver moon.

Argier, Algiers.

Argoſies, ſhips of great burthen.

Aroint, avaunt, or be gone.

Aſcapart, a giant.

Aſcaunt, aſkew, aſide, ſideways.

Aſperſion, ſprinkling. TEMP.

Aſſay, to take the aſſay, applied to thoſe who taſted wine for princes. HAM. —Teſt. OTH.

Aſſinego, an aſs driver, a fooliſh fellow.

Aſtringer, a gentleman falconer; from *auſtercus*, a goſhawk.

I fear'd to gaze upon her in the day,
I fear'd to gaze upon her in the night;
I fear'd the blazing sun - and torches ray,
I fear'd she'd coldly pity, my fond sight.
And so when came the twilight, in its dream,
I breath'd in charms of beauty from her face,
And in the flitting dimness, she did seem
A gentle spirit, fading into space,
And leaving the wide air ethereal.
And as my trembling fancy spired its flight,
When all this world had ceased to be material,
And soul with soul intwined in opening light
But on her Angels face, the moon did shine
My vision fled, and still I'm left to pine

J.S.